THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THANKFULNESS.

Sweet bird, although thy pleasant music be
All for thy mate, and not at all for me,
I hear thy song as gratefully as she,
And love thee still.

Fair flowers, that gaze on heaven as if ye drew
Into yourselves the brightness of its blue,
My love has still a quiet place that you
Alone may fill.

Great sun, thou dost not think to cheer my way
By the warm lustre of thy light to-day,
But kindled into gladness by thy ray,
I bless the spell.

Green earth, that with a gentle mother's smile,
Thy weary child so sweetly can beguile,
And soothe me still, heedless of me the while,
I love thee well.

Ocean, and thou lone inlet that I see,
Ye show what Time is to Eternity;
And teach me, all the while ye heed not me,
Truth from above.

Oh foolish heart! too low thy praises fall.
If for thy love unconscious things may call,
Dost thou not owe to Him who purposed all,
Fulness of love? R.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

[For the benefit of new subscribers who may begin with this paper, we give the following brief summary of the previous chapters of this story.

The scene is laid in the far South-west of the continent in the deserted regions on the Rio Colorado.

Mahohai Kaveshde or Flying Eagle, is a Comanche Chief. Eglantine is his beautiful young wife—who was stolen by an Apache Chief but recovered by her husband.

Marksman and Brighteye are honest scouts and hunters—Canadians by birth.

A caravan of some thirty-five adventurers or gambusinos is travelling in the prairies—among the vehicles of the caravan is a palanquin the curtains of which are never opened. At night it is carried into the captain's tent. The Captain of the caravan calls himself Don Miguel Ortega.

A stranger joins the caravan—he calls himself Don Stefano Cocheco. At midnight the stranger secretly leaves the camp, and proceeds to an appointment he has made to meet the Canadian Brighteye, whom he has engaged as a guide. He is dogged by Domingo, one of the adventurers—who is discovered, however, and agrees to play false to his leader, Don Miguel.

Don Miguel, under the name of Don Torribio had rescued two young ladies from a convent in the city of Mexico, where one had been put to sleep by a powerful drug, and then buried alive by a wicked superior.

Brighteye has enlisted in the service of Don Stefano, not knowing how evil the latter's designs are.

The three numbers of THE POST containing the chapters which we have thus briefly condensed, can be obtained at the office.]

CHAPTER IX.

BRIGHTEYE AND MARKSMAN.

At this point in his narrative, Brighteye stopped, and began, with a thoughtful air, filling his Indian pipe with tobacco.

There was a lengthened silence. His auditors, still under the influence of this extraordinary influence, dared not venture any reflections. At length Marksman raised his head.

"That story is very dramatic and very gloomy," he said, "but pardon my rude frankness, old and dear comrade, it seems to me to have no reference to what is going on around us, and the events in which we shall, probably, be called upon to be interested spectators, if not actors."

"In truth," Ruperto observed, "what do we woodrangers care for adventures that happen in Mexico, or any other city of the *Terras Adentro?* We are here in the desert to hunt, trap, and thrash the Redskins. Any other question can affect us but slightly."

Brighteye tossed his head in a significant manner, and laid his pipe mechanically by his side.

"You are mistaken, comrades," he continued; "do you believe, then, that I should have made you waste your time in listening to this long story, if it did not possess an important reality for us?"

"Explain yourself, then, my friend," Marksman observed, "for I honestly confess that, for my part, I have understood nothing of what you have been good enough to tell us."

The old Canadian raised his head, and seemed, for a few moments, to be calculating the sun's height.

"It is half-past six," he said, "you have still more than sufficient time to reach the ford of the Rubio, where the man is to wait, to whom you have engaged yourself as guide. Listen to me, therefore, for I have not quite finished. Now that I have told you the mystery, you must learn what has come out to clear it up."

"Speak!" Marksman replied, in the tone of a man who is resolved to listen through politeness to a story which he knows cannot interest him.

Brighteye, not seeming to remark his friend's apathetic condescension, went on in the following terms:—

"You have remarked that Don Torribio provided for everything with a degree of prudence which must keep off any suspicion, and cover this adventure with an impenetrable veil. Unfortunately for him, the Evangelista was not killed. He could not only speak, but show a copy of each of the letters he daily handed to the young man—letters which the latter paid so dearly for, and which, with that prudence innate in the Mexican race, he had previously guarded, to employ, if needed, as a weapon against Don Torribio; or, as was more probable, to avenge himself if he fell a victim to any treachery. This was what happened:—The Evangelista, found in a dying state by an early customer, had strength enough to make a regular declaration to the Juer de Lettras, and hand him the letters ere he died. This assassination, taken in connection with the attack on the serenos by a numerous band, and the invasion of the Convent of the Bernardines, furnished a clue which the police began following with extreme tenacity; especially as the young lady whose body had been so audaciously carried off had powerful relations, who, for certain reasons known to themselves, would not let this crime pass unpunished, and spent their gold profusely. It was soon learned that the bandits, on leaving the convent, mounted horses brought by their confidants, and started at full speed in the direction of the Presidios. The police even succeeded in discovering one of the men who supplied the horses. This individual, Pepito by name, brought over by the money offered him, rather than frightened by threats, stated that he had sold to Don Torribio Carvajal 25 post horses, to be delivered at the Convent of the Bernardines, at two o'clock in the morning. As these horses were paid for in advance, he, Pepito, did not trouble himself at all about the singularity of the spot, or of the hour. Don Torribio and his companions had arrived, bearing with them two women, one of whom appeared to have fainted, and immediately galloped off. The trail of the ravishers was then followed to the Presidio de Tubar, where Don Torribio allowed his party to rest for several days. There he purchased a close palanquin, a field tent, and all the provisions necessary for a lengthened journey in the desert, and one night suddenly disappeared, with all his band, which was augmented by all the adventurers he could pick up at the Presidio, no one being able to say in what direction he had gone. This information, though vague, was sufficient up to a certain point, and the relations of the young lady were continuing their search."

"I fancy I am beginning to see what you want to arrive at," Marksman interrupted him; "but conclude your story; when you have finished, I will make sundry observations, whose justice you will recognize, I am sure."

"I shall be delighted to hear them," Brighteye said, and went on:—

"A man, who, twenty years ago, did me a rather important service, whom I had not seen, since, and whom I should assuredly not have recognized, had he not told me his name—the only thing I had not forgotten—came to me and my partner Ruperto, while we were at the Presidio de Tubar, selling a few panther skins. This man told me what I have just repeated to you; he added that he was a near relation of the young lady, reminded me of the service he had rendered me—in a word, he affected me so greatly, that I agreed to take vengeance on his enemy. Two days later we took up the trail. For a man like myself, accustomed to follow Indians' signs, it was child's play, and I soon led him almost into the Spanish caravan commanded by Don Miguel Ortega."

"The other was called Don Torribio Carvajal."

"Could he not have changed his name?"

"For what good, in the desert?"

"In the consciousness that he would be pursued."

"Then the relatives had a great interest in this pursuit?"

"Don Jose told me he was the young lady's uncle, and felt a paternal tenderness for her."

"But I fancy she is dead, or at least you told me so, if I am not mistaken."

Brighteye scratched his ear.

"That is the awkward part of the affair," he said; "it seems she is not dead at all; on the contrary."

"What!" Marksman exclaimed, "she is not dead! That uncle knows it, then; it was by his consent that the poor creature was buried alive! But, if that is the case, there must be some odious machination in the business."

"On my word, if I must confess it, I fear so too," the Canadian said, in a hesitating voice. "Still, this man rendered me a great service. I have no proof in support of my suspicions, and—"

Marksman rose, and stood in front of the old hunter.

"Brighteye," he said to him sternly, "we are fellow-countrymen; we love each other like brothers; for many long years we have slept side by side on the prairie, sharing good fortune and ill between us, saving each other's lives a hundred times, either in our struggles with wild beasts, or, our fights with the Indians—is it so?"

"It is true, Marksman, it is true; and any one who said the contrary would lie," the hunter replied, with emotion.

"My friend, my brother, a great crime has been committed, or is on the point of being committed. Let us watch—watch carefully; who knows if we may not be the instruments chosen by Providence to unmask the guilty, and cause the innocent to triumph? This Don Jose, you say, wishes me to join you; well, I accept. Yourself, Ruperto, and I, will go to the ford of the Rubio, and, believe me, my friend, now that I am warned, I will discover the guilty party, whoever he may be."

"I prefer things to be so," the hunter answered, simply. "I confess that the strange position in which I found myself weighed heavily upon me. I am only a poor hunter, and do not at all understand these infamies of the cities."

"You are an honest man, whose heart is just and mind upright. But time is slipping away. Now that we are agreed as to our parts, and understand one another, I believe we shall do well by starting."

"I will go whenever you please."

"One moment. Can you do without Ruperto for a little while?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter?" the latter asked.

"You can do me a service."

"Speak, Marksman, I am waiting."

"No man can foresee the future. Perhaps, in a few days, we shall need allies on whom we may be able to count. These allies the Chief here present will give us whenever we ask for them. Accompany him to his village, Ruperto; and, so soon as he has arrived there, leave him, and take up our trail—not positively joining us, but managing so that, if necessary, we should know where to find you."

"I have understood," the hunter said, laconically, as he rose. "All right."

Marksman turned to Flying Eagle, and explained what he wanted of him.

"My brother saved Eglantine," the Chief answered, nobly; "Flying Eagle is a sachem of his tribe. Two hundred warriors will follow the war-path at the first signal from my father. The Comanches are men; the words they utter come from the heart."

"Thanks, Chief," Marksman answered warmly pressing the hand the Redskin extended to him; "may the Wacondah watch over you during your journey!"

After hastily eating a slice of venison cooked on the ashes, and drinking a draught of pulque—from which, after the custom of his nation, the only one which does not drink strong liquors, the Comanche declined to take a share—the four men separated; Ruperto, Flying Eagle, and Eglantine going into the prairie in a western direction; while Brighteye and Marksman, bending slightly to the left, proceeded in an easterly course, in order to reach the ford of the Rubio, where the latter was expected.

"Hum!" Brighteye observed, as he threw his rifle on to his left arm, and starting with that elastic step peculiar to the woodrangers; "we have some tough work cut out for us."

"Who knows, my friend?" Marksman answered, anxiously. "At any rate we must discover the truth."

"That is my opinion, too."

"There is one thing I want to know, above all."

"What is it?"

"What Don Miguel's carefully-closed palanquin contains."

"Why, hang it! a woman, of course."

"Who told you so?"

"Nobody; but I presume so."

"Prejudge nothing, my friend; with time, all will be cleared up."

"God grant it!"

"He sees everything, and knows everything, my friend. Believe me, that if it hath pleased Him to set those suspicions growing in our hearts that trouble us now, it is because, as I told you a moment ago, He wishes to make us the instruments of His justice."

"May His will be done!" Brighteye answered, raising his cap piously. "I am ready to obey Him in all that He may order me."

After this mutual exchange of thoughts, the hunters, who till this moment had walked side by side, proceeded in Indian file, in consequence of the difficult nature of the ground. On reaching the tall grass, after emerging from the forest, they stopped a moment to look around.

"It is late," Marksman observed.

"Yes, it is nearly mid-day. Follow me, we shall soon catch up lost time."

"How so!"

"Instead of walking, would you not be inclined to ride?"

"Yes, if we had horses."

"That is just what I am going to procure."

"You have horses?"

"Last night Ruperto and I left our horses close by here, while going to the meeting Don Jose had made with us, and in which I was obliged to employ a canoe."

"Eh! Eh! those brave beasts turn up at a lucky moment. For my part, I am worn out. I have been walking for many a long day over the prairie, and my legs are beginning to refuse to carry me."

"Come this way, we shall soon see them."

In fact, the hunters had not walked one hundred yards in the direction indicated by Brighteye, ere they found the horses quietly engaged in nibbling the pea-vines and young tree-shoots. The noble animals, on hearing a whistle, raised their intelligent heads, and hastened toward the hunters with a neigh of pleasure. According to the usual fashion in the prairies, they were saddled, but their *bozal* was hung round their necks. The hunters bridled them, leaped on their backs, and started again.

"Now that we have each a good horse between our legs we are certain of arriving in time," Marksman observed, "hence, it is useless to hurry on, and we can talk at our ease. Tell me, Brighteye, have you seen Don Miguel Ortega yet?"

"Never, I allow."

"Then you do not know him?"

"If I may believe Don Jose, he is villain. For my own part, never having had any relations with him, I should be considerably troubled to form any opinion, bad or good, about him."

"With me it is different. I know him."

"Ah!"

"Very well, indeed!"

"For any length of time?"

"Long enough, I believe, at any rate to enable me to form an opinion about him."

"Ah! Well, what do you think of him?"

"Much good and much bad."

"Hang it! ah!"

"Why are you surprised? Are not all men in the same case?"

"Nearly so, I grant."

"This man is no worse or no better than the rest. This morning as I foresaw that you were about to speak to me about him, I wished to leave you liberty of action by telling you that I was only slightly acquainted with him; but it is possible that your opinion will soon be greatly modified, and, perhaps, you will regret the support you have hitherto given Don Jose, as you call him."

"Would you like me to speak candidly, Marksman, now that no one, but He above, can hear us?"

"Do so, my friend. I should not be sorry to know your whole thoughts."

"I am certain that you know a great deal more about the story I told you last night than you pretend to do."

"Perhaps you are right; but what makes you think so?"

"Many things, and, in the first place this."

"Go on."

"You are too sensible a man. You have acquired too great an experience of the things of this world, to undertake, without serious cause, the defence of a man, who, according to the principles we profess on the prairie, you ought to regard, if not as an enemy, still as one of those men whom it is often disagreeable to come in contact, or have any relations with."

Marksman burst into a laugh.

"There is truth in what you say, Brighteye," he at length remarked.

"Is there not?"

"I will not attempt to play at cunning with you; but I have powerful reasons for undertaking the defence of this man, but I cannot tell you them at this moment. It is a secret which does not belong to me, and of which I am only the depositary. I trust you will soon know all; but, till then, rely on my old friendship, and leave me to act in any way."

"Very good! At any rate, I am now beginning to see clearly, and whatever may happen, you can reckon upon me."

"By Jove! I felt certain we should end by understanding one another; but silence, and let nothing be seen, we are at the meeting-place. Hang it! the Mexicans have not kept us waiting. They have already pitched their camp on the other side of the river."

In fact, a hunters' camp could be seen a short distance off, one side resting on the river, the other on the forest, and presenting perfectly fortified outworks, with the front turned to the prairies, and composed of bales and trees stoutly interlaced.

The two hunters made themselves known to the sentries, and entered without any difficulty. Don Miguel was absent; but the gambusinos expected him at any moment. The hunters dismounted, hobbled their horses, and sat down quietly by the fire.

Don Stefano Cohecho had left the gambuccior at daybreak, as he had announced on the previous evening.

CHAPTER X.

FRESH CHARACTERS.

In order to a right comprehension of ensuing facts, we will take advantage of our privilege as story-tellers, to go back a fortnight and allow the reader to be witness of a scene intimately connected with the most important events of this history, and which took place a few hundred miles from the spot where accident had collected our principal characters.

The Cordillera of the Andes, that immense spine of the American continent, the whole length of which it traverses under different names from north to south, forms, at various elevations, immense *llanos*, on which entire people live at a height at which all vegetation ceases in Europe.

After crossing the Presidio de Tubar, the advanced post of civilization on the extreme limit of the desert, and advancing into the *mediano* region of the *tierra calliente* for about one hundred and twenty miles, the traveller finds himself suddenly, and without any transition, in front of a virgin forest, which is no less than three hundred and twenty miles deep, by eighty odd miles wide.

The most practised pen is powerless to describe the marvels innumerable inclosed in that inexhaustible network of vegetation called a virgin forest, and the sight, at once strange and peculiar, majestic and imposing, which it offers to the dazzled sight. The most powerful imagination recoils before this prodigious fecundity of elementary nature, continually springing up again from its own destruction with a strength and vigor ever new. The creepers, which run from tree to tree, from branch to branch, plunge, at one moment, into the earth, and then rise once more to the sky, and form, by their interlacing and crossing, an almost insurmountable barrier, as if jealous nature wished to hide from profane eyes the mysterious secrets of these forests, beneath whose shade man's footsteps have only reached at long intervals, and never unpunished. Trees of every age and species grow without order or symmetry, as if sown by chance, like wheat in the furrows. Some, tall and slight, count only a few years; the extremities of their branches are covered by the tall and wide boughs of those whose haughty heads have seen centu-

MARKSMAN THANKS FLYING EAGLE FOR HIS OFFER OF ASSISTANCE.

ries pass over them. Beneath their foliage, softly murmur pure and limpid streams, which escape from the fissures of the rocks, and, after a thousand meanderings, are lost in some lake or unknown river, whose bright waters had never reflected aught in their clear mirror, save the sublime secrets of the solitude. There may be found, pell mell, and in picturesque confusion, all the magnificent productions of tropical regions;—the acajou, the ebony, the palisander, the stunted mahogany, the black oak, the cork, the maple, the mimosa, with its silvery foliage; and the tamarind, thrusting in every direction their branches, laden with flowers, fruits and leaves, which form a dome impenetrable to the sunbeams. From the vast and unexplored depths of these forests emerge, from time to time, inexplicable noises;—furious howls, feline miauls, mocking yells, mingled with shrill whistling, or the joyous and harmonious song of the birds.

After plunging boldly into the centre of this chaos, and struggling hand to hand with this uncultivated and wild nature, the traveller succeeds, with axe in one hand and torch in the other, in gaining, inch by inch, step by step, a road impossible to describe.—At one moment, by crawling like a reptile over the decaying leaves, dead wood, or guano, piled up for centuries; or by leaping from branch to branch, at the tops of the trees, standing, as it were, in the air. But woe to the man who neglects to have his eye constantly open to all that surrounds him, and his ear on the watch; for, in addition to the obstacles caused by nature, he has to fear the venomous stings of the serpents startled in their lairs, and the furious attacks of the wild beasts. He must also carefully watch the course of the rivers and streams he meets with, determine the position of the sun during the day, or guide himself at night by the Southern Cross; for, once astray in a virgin forest, it is impossible to get out of it—it is a maze, from which no Ariadne's web would help to find the issue.

At last the traveller, after he has succeeded in surmounting the dangers we have described, and a thousand others no less terrible, which we have passed over in silence, emerges on an immense plain, in the centre of which stands an Indian city.

That is to say, he finds himself before one of those mysterious cities into which no European has yet penetrated, whose exact position even is unknown, and which, since the conquest, have served as an asylum for the last relics of Aztec civilization.

The fabulous accounts given by some travellers about the incalculable wealth buried in these cities, has inflamed the covetousness and avarice of a great number of adventurers, who, at various periods, have attempted to find the lost road to these queens of the Mexican prairies and savannahs. Others, again, only impelled by the irresistible attraction extraordinary enterprises offer to vagabond imaginations, have also, especially during the last fifty years, set out in search of these Indian cities, though, up to the present time, success has never crowned these various expeditions. Some have returned disenchanted, and half killed by this journey toward the unknown; a considerable number have left their bodies at the foot of precipices or in the quibradas, to serve as food for birds of prey; while others, more unfortunate still, have disappeared without leaving a trace, and no one has ever heard what has become of them.

Owing to events, too long to narrate here, but which we shall describe some day, we have lived, against our will, in one of these impenetrable cities, though, more fortunate than our predecessors, whose whitened bones we saw scattered along the road, we succeeded in escaping from it, through dangers innumerable, all miraculously avoided.

Quiepas Tani, the city which presents itself to the traveller's sight, after leaving the virgin forest of which we have given a sketch, extends from east to west, and forms a parallelogram. A wide stream, over which several bridges of incredible lightness and elegance are thrown, runs through its entire length. At each corner of the square, an enormous block of rock, cut perpendicularly on the side that faces the plains, serves as an almost impregnable fortress; these four citadels are also connected by a wall twenty feet thick and forty feet high, which, inside the city, forms a slope, sixty feet wide at the base. This wall is built of native bricks, made of sandy earth and chopped straw; they are called *adobes*, and are about a yard long. A wide and deep fosse almost doubles the height of the walls.

Two gates alone give access to the city. These gates are flanked by towers and pepper-boxes, exactly like a mediæval fortress; and, what adds to the correctness of our comparison, a small bridge, made of planks, extremely narrow and light, and so arranged as to be carried away on the slightest alarm, is the only communication between these gates and the exterior.

The houses are low, and terminate in terraces connected with each other; they are slight, and built of wicker and canavertales covered with cement, in consequence of the earthquakes so frequent in these regions; but they are large, airy, and pierced with numerous windows. None of them are more than one story in height, and the fronts are covered with a varnish of dazzling whiteness.

This strange city, seen from a distance, as it rises in the midst of the tall prairie grass, offers the most singular and seductive sight.

On a fine evening in the month of October, five travellers, whose features or dress it would have been impossible to distinguish, owing to the obscurity, came out of the forest we have described above, stopped for a moment, with marked indecision, on the extreme edge of the wood, and began examining the ground. Before them rose a hillock, which, if no great height, yet cut the horizon at right angles.

After exchanging a few words, two of these persons remained where they were; the other three lay down on their faces, and, crawling [illegible] advanced through the rank grass, which they caused to undulate, and which completely concealed their bodies. On reaching the top of the mound, which they had found such difficulty in scaling, they looked out into the country, and remained struck with astonishment and admiration.

The eminence, at the top of which they were, was perpendicular on the other side, like all the rest of the ground, which extended on either side. A magnificent plain lay expanded a hundred feet below them, and in the centre of the plain, at a distance of about a thousand yards from them, stood, proud and imposing, Quiepas-Tani,* the mysterious city, defended by its massive towers and thick walls. The sight of this vast city, in the midst of the desert, produced on the minds of the three men a feeling of stupor, which they could not explain, and which, for a few moments, rendered them dumb with surprise. At length one of them rose on his elbow, and addressed his comrades.

"Are my brothers satisfied?" he said, with a guttural accent, which, though he expressed himself in Spanish, proved him to be an Indian. "Has Addick (the Stag) kept his promise?"

"Addick is one of the first warriors of his tribe; his tongue is straight, and the blood flows clearly in his veins," one of the men he addressed answered.

The Indian smiled silently, without replying;—this smile would have given his companions much matter for thought, had they seen it.

"It seems to me," the one who had not yet spoken said, "that it is very late to enter the city."

"To-morrow, at sunrise, Addick will lead the two paleface maidens to Quiepas Tani," the Indian answered; "the night is too dark."

"The warrior is right," the second speaker remarked; "we must put off the affair till to-morrow."

"Yes, let us return to our friends, whom a longer absence may alarm."

Joining deeds to words, the first speaker turned round, and, exactly following the track his body had left in the grass, he soon found himself, as well as his companions, who imitated all his movements, at the skirt of the forest, into which, after their departure, the two persons they left behind had returned.

The silence which reigns beneath these gloomy roofs of foliage and branches during the day, had been succeeded by the dull sounds of a wild concert, formed by the shrill cries of the night birds, which woke, and prepared to attack the loros, humming birds, and cardinals, belated far from their nests; the roaring of the couguars; the hypocritical miawling of the jaguars and panthers, and the snappish barks of the coyotes, which re-echoed, with a mournful sound, from the roofs of the inaccessible caverns and gaping pits which served as lurking-places for these dangerous guests.

Returning on the trail they had traced with their axes, the three men soon found themselves near a fire of dead wood, burning in the centre of a small clearing. Two women, or rather girls, were crouching, pensive and sad, by the fire. They counted scarce thirty years between them; they were lovely, and of that Creole beauty which the divine pencil of a Raphael has been alone able to reproduce. But at this moment they were pale, seemed fatigued, and their faces reflected a gloomy sorrow. At the sound of the approaching steps, they raised their eyes, and a flash of joy illumined their faces, like a sunbeam.

The Indian threw some sticks on the fire, which was threatening to go out, while one of the hunters occupied himself with giving their provender to the horses, hobbled a short distance off.

"Well, Don Miguel," one of the ladies said, addressing the hunter who had taken a seat by her side, "shall we soon near the end of our journey?"

"You have arrived, Senorita; to-morrow, under the guidance of our friend Addick, you will enter the city, that inviolable asylum, where no one will pursue you."

"Ah!" she continued, looking absently at the Indian's gloomy and apathetic face; "we shall separate to-morrow."

"We must, Senorita; the care for your safety demands it."

"Who would dare to seek me in these unknown districts?"

"Hatred dares everything. I implore you, Senorita, to put faith in my experience; my devotion to you is unbounded. Though still very young, you have suffered enough, and it is time that a blessed sunbeam should brighten your dreary brow, and dispel the clouds which thought and grief have been so long collecting on it."

"Alas!" she said, as she let her head droop, to hide the tears that ran down her cheeks.

"My sister, my friend, my Laura!" the other maiden said, embracing her tenderly; "be courageous to the end. Shall I not be with you? Oh, fear nothing!" she added, with a charming expression. "I will take half your grief on myself, and your burthen will seem less heavy."

"Poor Luisa!" the maiden murmured, as she returned her caresses. "You are unhappy through me. How shall I ever be able to repay your devotion?"

"By loving me, as I love you, cherished angel, and by regaining hope."

"Before a month, I trust," Don Miguel said, "your persecutors will be prevented from troubling you again. I am playing a terrible game with them, in which my head is the stake; but I care little, so long as I save you. On leaving you, permit me to take with me, in my heart, the hope that you will in no way attempt to leave the refuge I have found for you, and that you will patiently await my return."

"Alas, Caballero! you are aware that I live only by a miracle; my relatives, my friends, indeed, all those I loved, have abandoned me, except my Luisa, my foster sister, whose devotion to me has never swerved; and you, whom I do not know, whom I never saw, and who suddenly revealed yourself to me in my tomb, like the angel of divine justice; since that terrible night, when, thanks to you, I emerged from my sepulchre, like Lazarus, you have shown me the kindest and most delicate attentions; you have taken the place of those who betrayed me; you have been to me more than a father."

"Senorita!" the young man exclaimed, at once confused and happy at these words.

"I say this to you, Don Miguel," she continued, with a certain feverish animation, "because I am anxious to prove to you that I am not ungrateful. I know not what God, in His wisdom, may do with me; but I tell you, that my last thought, my last prayer will be for you. You wish me to await you; I will obey you. Believe me, I only dispute my life through a certain feeling of anxiety, like the gambler at his last stake," she added, with a heart-breaking smile; "but I understand how much you need liberty of action for the rude game you have undertaken. Hence, you can go in peace; I have faith in you."

"Thanks, Senorita; this promise doubles my strength. Oh, now I am certain of success!"

A rude jacal of branches had been prepared for the maidens by the other hunters and the Indian warrior, and they retired to rest.

Although the young man's mind was so full of restless alarms, after a few moments of deep thought, he laid himself down by the side of his companions, and soon fell asleep. In the desert nature never surrenders its claims, and the greatest grief rarely succeeds in gaining the victory over the material claims of the human organization.

Scarce had the first sunbeams begun to tinge the sky of an opal hue, ere the hunters opened their eyes. The preparations for starting were soon completed; the moment of separation arrived, and the parting was a sad one. The two hunters had accompanied the maidens to the edge of the forest, in order to remain the longer with them.

Dona Luisa, taking advantage of an instant when the road became so narrow that it became almost impossible for two to walk side by side, drew nearer Don Miguel's hunting companion.

"Do me a service," she whispered, hurriedly.

"Speak," he answered, in the same key.

"That Indian inspires me with but slight confidence."

"You are wrong; I know him."

She shook her head petulantly.

"That is possible," she said; "but will you do me the service I want of you; if not, I will ask Don Miguel, though I should have preferred him not knowing it."

"Speak, I tell you."

"Give me a knife and your pistols."

The hunter looked her in the face.

"Good!" he said, presently. "You are a brave child. Here is what you ask for."

And, without any one noticing it, he gave the objects she wished to obtain from him, adding to them two little pouches, one of gunpowder, the other of bullets.

"No one knows what may happen," he said.

"Thanks," she answered, with a movement of joy she could not master.

This was all that she said; and the weapons disappeared under her clothes, with a speed and resolution which made the hunter smile. Five minutes after, they reached the skirt of the virgin forest.

"Addick," the hunter said, laconically, "remember that you will answer to me for these two women."

"Addick has sworn it," the Indian merely replied. They separated; it was impossible to remain longer at the spot where they were, without running the risk of being discovered by the Indians. The maidens and the warrior proceeded toward the city.

"Let us mount the hill," Don Miguel said, "in order to see them for the last time."

"I was going to propose it," the hunter said, simply.

They went, with similar precautions, to the spot they had occupied for a few moments on the previous evening.

In the brilliant beams of the sun, which had gloriously risen, the verdurous landscape had assumed a truly enchanting aspect. Nature was aroused from her sleep, and a most varied spectacle had been substituted for the gloomy and solitary view of the previous night.

From the gates of the city, which were now widely opened, emerged groups of Indians on horseback and on foot, who dispersed in all directions with shouts of joy and shriller bursts of laughter. Numerous canoes traversed the stream, the fields were populated with flocks of vicunas, and horses led by Indians, armed with long-goads, who were proceeding toward the city. Women quaintly attired, and bearing on their heads long wicker baskets filled with meat, fruit, and vegetables, walked along conversing together, and companying each phrase with that continual, sharp, and metallic laugh, of which the Indian nations possess the secret, and the noise of which resembles very closely that produced by the fall of a quantity of pebbles on a copper dish.

The maidens and their guide were soon mixed up in this motley crowd, in the midst of which they disappeared.

Don Miguel sighed.

"Let us go," he said, in a deep voice.

They returned to the forest. A few moments later, they set out again.

"We must separate," Don Miguel said, when they had crossed the forest; "I shall return to Tubar."

"And I am going to try to render a small service to an Indian Chief, a friend of mine."

"You are always thinking of others, and never of yourself, my worthy Marksman; you are ever anxious to be of use to some one."

"What would you have, Don Miguel? It seems to be my mission—you know that every man has one."

"Yes!" the young man answered, in a hollow voice. "Good-bye!" he added, presently, "do not forget our meeting."

"All right! In a fortnight, at the ford of the Rubio; that is settled."

"Forgive me my chariness of speech during the few days we have spent together; the secret is not mine alone, Marksman; I am not at liberty to divulge it, even to so kind a friend as yourself."

"Keep your secret, my friend; I am in no way curious to know it; still, it is understood that we do not know one another."

"Yes; that is very important."

"Then, good-bye."

"Good-bye!"

The two horsemen shook hands, one turned to the right, the other to the left, and they set off at full speed.

* Literally, *Quiepas*, sky, tank, mountain, in the Zapotheean language.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FORD OF THE RUBIO.

The night was gloomy, nor a star shone in the sky; the wind blew violently through the heavy boughs of the virgin forest, with that sad and monotonous soughing, which resembles the sound of great waters, when the tempest menaces; the clouds were low, black, and charged with electricity; they coursed rapidly through the sky, incessantly veiling the wan disk of the moon, whose cold rays only rendered the gloom denser; the atmosphere was oppressive, and those nameless noises, dashed back by the echoes like the rolling of distant thunder, rose from the quebradas and unknown barrancas of the prairies; the beasts howled sadly all the notes of the human register, and the night birds, troubled in their sleep by this strange uneasiness of nature, uttered hoarse and discordant cries.

In the camp of the Gambusinos all was calm; the sentries were watching, leaning on their rifles, and crouching near the expiring fire. In the centre of the camp two men were smoking their Indian pipes, and talking in a low voice. They were Brighteye and Marksman.

At length, Brighteye knocked the ashes out of his pipe, thrust it into his girdle, stifled a yawn, and rose, throwing out his legs and arms to restore the circulation.

"What are you going to do?" Marksman asked him, turning cautiously round.

"Sleep," the hunter answered.

"Sleep?"

"Why not? the night is advanced; we are the only persons watching, I feel convinced; it is more than probable that we shall not see Don Miguel before sunrise. Hum! the best plan for the moment, at least, is to sleep, at any rate, if you have not decided otherwise."

Marksman laid his finger on his lip, as if to recommend silence to his friend.

"The night is advanced," he said, in a low voice; "a terrible storm is rising. Where can Don Miguel be gone? This prolonged absence alarms me more than I can express; he is not the man to leave his friends thus, without some powerful reason, or, perhaps—"

The hunter stopped, and shook his head sorrowfully.

"Go on," Brighteye said; "tell me your whole thought."

"Well, I am afraid lest some misfortune has happened to him."

"Oh, oh, do you think so? Still, this Don Miguel, from what I have heard you say, is a man of well-tried courage and uncommon strength."

"All that is true," Marksman replied, with a preoccupied air.

"Well! do you think that such a man, well armed, and acquainted with prairie life, is not able to draw himself out of a difficulty, whatever the danger which threatens him?"

"Yes, if he has to deal with a loyal foe, who stands resolutely before him, and fights with equal weapons."

"What other danger can he fear?"

"Brighteye, Brighteye!" the hunter continued, sadly, "you have lived too long among the Missouri fur traders."

"Which means—?" the Canadian asked, somewhat piqued.

"Come, my friend, do not feel vexed at my remarks; but it is evident to me, that you have, in a great measure, forgotten prairie habits."

"Hum! that is a serious charge against a hunter, Marksman; and in what, if you please, have I forgotten desert manners?"

"By Jove! in seeming no longer to remember that, in the country where we now are, every weapon is good to get rid of an enemy."

"Eh! I know that as well as you, my friend; I know, too, that the most dangerous weapon is that which is concealed."

"That is to say, treachery."

The Canadian started.

"Do you fear treachery, then?" he asked.

"What else can I fear?"

"That is true," the hunter said, with a drooping head; "but," he added, a moment after, "what is to be done?"

"That is the very thing that embarrasses me. Still, I cannot remain much longer in this state; the uncertainty is killing me; at all risks, I must know what has happened."

"But in what way?"

"I know not, Heaven will inspire me."

"Still, you have an idea?"

"Of course I have."

"What is it?"

"This—and I count on you to help me in carrying it out."

Brighteye affectionately pressed his friend's hand:—

"You are right," he said: "now for your idea."

"It is very simple; we will leave the camp directly, and go along the river side."

"Yes—I would merely draw your attention to the fact, that the storm will soon break out, and the rain is already falling in large drops."

"The greater reason to make haste."

"That is true."

"Then you will accompany me?"

"By Jove! did you doubt it, perchance?"

"I am a goose; forgive me, brother, and thank you."

"Why so? on the contrary, I ought to thank you."

"How so?"

"Why, thanks to you, I am going to take a delightful walk."

Marksman did not answer; the hunters saddled and bridled their horses, and after inspecting their arms, with all the care of men who are convinced that they will soon have occasion to use them, they mounted and rode toward the gate of the camp. Two sentries were standing motionless and upright at the gate; they placed themselves before the woodrangers. The latter had no intention of going out unseen, as they had no reason for hiding their departure.

"You are going away?" one of the sentries asked.

"No; we are merely going to make a survey of the country."

"At this hour?"

"Why not?"

"Hang it! I think it pleasanter to sleep in such weather, than ride about the prairie."

"You think wrong, comrade," Marksman answered, in a peremptory tone; "and, in the first place, bear this in mind, I am not accountable for my actions to any one; if I go out at this hour in the storm which is threatening, I have possibly powerful motives for my conduct; now, will you, or no, let us pass? Remember, however, that I shall hold you responsible for any delay you occasion in the execution of my plans."

The tone employed by the hunter in addressing them, struck the two sentries; they consulted together in a low voice; after which, the man who had hitherto spoken turned to the two hunters, who were quietly awaiting the result of this deliberation.

"You can pass," he said; "you are at liberty to go wherever you think proper. I have done my duty in questioning you, and may Heaven grant you are doing yours in going out thus."

"You will soon know. One word more."

"I am listening."

"Our absence will probably be short; if not, we shall return by sunrise; still, pay great attention to this recommendation: should you hear the cry of the jaguar repeated thrice, at equal intervals, mount at full speed, and come, not you alone, but followed by a dozen of your comrades, for, when you hear that cry, a great danger will menace the Cuadrilla. Now, you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"And will you do what I advise?"

"I will do so, because you are the friends we expected, and treachery could not be feared from you."

"Good."

"I wish you luck."

The hunters went on, and the gate was immediately closed after them.

The woodrangers had scarce entered the prairie, ere the hurricane, which had threatened since sunset, broke out furiously. A brilliant flash of lightning crossed the sky, followed almost instantaneously by a startling clap of thunder. The trees bowed beneath the fury of the blast, and the rain began falling in torrents.

The adventurers advanced with extreme difficulty, amid the chaos of the infuriated elements; their horses, startled by the howling of the tempest, reared and shied at every step. The darkness had become so dense, that, although walking side by side the two men could scarce see each other. The trees, twisted by the omnipotent blast, uttered almost human cries, answered by the mournful howling of the terrified wild beasts, while the stream, swollen by the rain, rose into waves, whose foaming crests broke with a crash against the sandy banks.

Brighteye and Marksman, case-hardened against the desert temporales, shook their heads contemptuously at every effort of the gust, which past over them like an ardent simoom, and continued to advance, searching with the eye the gloom that enveloped them like a heavy shroud, and listening to the noises which the echoes bandied about.

In this way they reached the ford of the Rubio, without exchanging a syllable. Then they stopped, as if by mutual agreement.

The Rubio, a lost and unknown affluent of the Great Rio Colorado del Norte, into which it falls after a winding course of hardly twenty leagues, is in ordinary times a narrow stream, on which Indian canoes have a difficulty in floating, and which horses can ford almost anywhere, with the water scarce up to their girths; but at this hour the placid stream had suddenly become a mad and impetuous torrent, noisily rolling along, in its deep and muddy waters, uprooted trees, and even masses of rock.

To dream of crossing the Rubio at this moment would have been signal folly; a man so rash as to attempt the enterprise, would have been carried off in a few seconds by its furious waves, whose yellow surface grew wider every moment.

The hunters remained for a moment motionless beneath the torrents of rain that inundated them, regarding with thoughtful eye the water that still rose and rose, and holding in with great difficulty their startled horses, which reared with hoarse snorts of fear.

These men, with their hearts of bronze, stood stoically amid the frightful uproar of the unchained elements, not seeming to notice the awful tempest that howled around them, and as calm and easy-minded, as if they were comfortably seated in some snug cave, near a merry fire of twigs. They had only one idea, that of assisting the man whom they suspected of running a terrible danger at this moment.

Suddenly they started, and quickly raised their heads, while looking fixedly and eagerly in front of them. But the darkness was too thick; they could distinguish nothing.

In the midst of the thousand sounds of the tempest, a cry had struck their ear. This cry was a last appeal, a harsh and prolonged cry of agony, such as the strong man conquered by fatality utters, when he is forced to confess his impotence, when everything fails him at once, and he has no other resource than Heaven. The two men leaned forward quickly, and placing their hands to their mouth funnel-wise, uttered in their turn a shrill and lengthened cry.

Then they listened. At the end of a moment, a second cry, more piercing and desperate than the first, reached their ears.

"Oh!" Marksman shouted, as he rose in his stirrups, and closed his fists in fury, "that man is in danger of death."

"Whoever he is, we must save him," Brighteye answered, boldly.

They had understood each other.

But how to save this man? Where was he? What danger menaced him? Who could answer these questions which they mentally asked themselves?

At the risk of being carried off by the torrent, the hunters forced their horses to enter the river, and lying almost on the necks of the noble animals, they investigated the waters. But, as we have said, the darkness was too thick, they could see nothing.

"The demon interferes," Marksman said, in despair. "Oh, heavens! shall we let this man die without going to his aid?"

At this moment a flash of lightning crossed the sky, with a dazzling zigzag. By its fugitive gleam, the hunters saw a horseman struggling furiously against the efforts of the waves.

"Courage, courage!" they shouted.

"Help!" the stranger replied, in a shaking voice.

There was no time for hesitation, for every second was an age.

The man and horse struggled courageously against the torrent that bore them away, and the hunters' resolution was formed in a second. They silently shook hands, and at the same moment dug their spurs into their horses' flanks; the animals reared with a shriek of pain, but, compelled to obey the iron hands that held them, they bounded in terror into the middle of the stream.

Suddenly two shots were heard; a bullet passed with a whistle between our two friends, and a cry of pain was heard from the water. The man they had come to help was wounded. The storm was still increasing; the flashes succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity. The hunters noticed the stranger clinging to his saddle, and letting his horse carry him where it liked: then, on the other bank, a man with his body bent forward, and his rifle shouldered, in readiness to fire.

"Each man his own," Marksman said, laconically.

"Good!" Brighteye said, with equal brevity.

The Canadian took the reata hanging at his saddle bow, and swinging it round his head, awaited the gleam of the next flash. It did not last long, but though it was so rapid, Brighteye had taken advantage of the transient gleam to hurl his reata. The leather cord whizzed out, and the running knot at the end fell on the neck of the horse which wrestled so bravely with the torrent.

"Courage! courage!" Brighteye shouted; "help, Marksman, help!"

And giving a smart shake to his horse, he made it rise on its hind legs, just as it was losing its footing, and forced it toward the river.

"Here I am," Marksman said, who was watching for the opportunity to fire, "patience, I am coming."

Suddenly he pulled the trigger, the bullet went forth, and from the other bank a cry of pain and rage reached the hunters.

"He is hit," Marksman said; "to-morrow I shall know who the scamp is;" and throwing his rifle behind him, he hurried forward to join Brighteye.

The horse the Canadian had lassoed, feeling itself supported and dragged toward the bank, seconded, with that intelligence possessed by these noble animals, the efforts made to save it.

The two hunters held on the reata. The united strength of their steeds, helped by the lassoed horse, succeeded in breasting the current, and after a minute's struggle, they at length reached the bank. So soon as they were comparatively in safety, the Canadians leaped from their saddles, and rushed toward the stranger's horse.

So soon as it felt *terra firma* under its feet, the noble animal had stopped, apparently comprehending that, if it advanced, it would cast its master against the rocks that covered the ground, for, although insensible, he still held the bridle firmly clasped in his clenched hand. The hunters cut the bridle, raised the man they had so miraculously saved in their arms, and carried him a few paces further to the foot of a tree, where they gently laid him; then, both eagerly bending over his body, awaited a flash which would enable them to see him.

"Oh!" Marksman said, as he drew himself up, with an expression of grief, mingled with terror, "Don Miguel Ortega!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Stripes, whether on a lady's dress or on the walls of a room, always give the effect of height; consequently, a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as well as a straight one, and as curved lines are the most graceful, they should generally be preferred.

☞ WHO GET THE LETTERS?—Of 68,000 letters sent off by one Massachusetts regiment in Maryland, since its departure from home, 26,000 were addressed to "Miss," and 21,000 to "Mrs." So says a letter-writer who adds: "The figures show that the women receive much the largest share of attention, and this is just as it should be. It is rather significant of the material of the 13th regiment that 'Miss' receives so large a share of the letter-writing patronage. That's right."

☞ It is proposed that Congress shall no longer be known as the "national bear garden"—the bears having seceded.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

MRS. WOOD'S NOVELET.

We design commencing this story in a week or two. Our readers, we trust, will "patiently wait and quietly hope" for that short period.

The English Difficulty Settled.

Our readers will see by the extracts from a correspondence between Mr. Seward and Lord Lyons, in another column, that our government has disavowed the action of Capt. Wilkes, and given orders that Mason and Slidell shall be given up. The following article—*written before the news of the settlement came*—probably is still worthy the attention of our readers.

There is one important fact in the difficulty with Great Britain relative to the seizure of Mason and Slidell, that it would be well for the American people to remember:—the verdict of Europe appears to be against us.

That the English papers, with scarcely an exception, take the ground that we are decidedly wrong in this matter, is not much to be wondered at. Nations are apt to be more than a little prejudiced in their own favor. But the press of France and of Germany appear to take sides against us with an almost equal degree of unanimity.

Now, in coming to a conclusion as to whether the course of Capt. Wilkes is sanctioned by the law of nations, the opinion of nations which have no direct interest in the matter should receive the utmost attention. For we must remember that, as an interested party, our own view may not be of the clearest and most impartial character.

We have yet to see the first intimation in an American paper, that we should adhere to our own act, right or wrong. The nearly, if not quite universal sentiment, is opposed to endorsing the seizure of the Rebel Commissioners, if such seizure should be found to be in disregard of the rights of England under the law of nations.

France, it is well known, has of late years sided with the United States, in advocating the restriction of the right of search in time of peace—and it is evident that she now looks upon our course as in violation of the spirit, if not the letter of the doctrines uniformly held hitherto by our government. Hear the Paris *Patrie*, for instance—a journal which is supposed to speak unofficially for the Emperor, and which has never been particularly friendly to England. That paper says in a recent article, which created a marked sensation in Paris:—

"What will now be the attitude of France? In our opinion it will be difficult for her to remain indifferent in presence of a violation of international law which interests all maritime nations. *We are inclined to believe* that the government of the northern states will refuse to recognize the justice of the claims of England; and in that case we may anticipate that war will be declared, and that the recognition of the southern states will be the first act of hostility by England. We have not hitherto concealed our opinion on the American conflict, but we had no right, whilst stating the reasons for that opinion, to anticipate what would be the resolution of the Emperor's government. At present, however, we think we may venture to say that we do not understand how the pretensions of the Cabinet of Washington can be defended. The different states of the confederation, as is known, enjoy an existence of their own; that is to say, are free and independent—have their separate and distinct legislatures, finances and administrations—possess, in a word, autonomy; and because some of them, in the exercise of their liberty, think fit to form themselves into a separate confederation, the North is to assume that it had the right to bind them eternally to it! They could not separate from it, says the North; but in that case what becomes of their liberty? * * * The bloodshed, the excesses of all kinds, and still more the interests and will of the South, have sanctioned separation, and no human power can now reconstitute what has been destroyed. *It is time to stop a fratricidal war which threatens to ruin the vital elements of the two countries, and thereby compromise the welfare of other nations. French commerce already suffers severely from this state of things;* and if it is difficult for England to support the interruption of commercial relations with America, the situation of France is no better, and the injury she sustains is not less considerable. We are profoundly convinced that the war between the northern and southern states, if the two countries were left to themselves, would be interminable; and on the other hand, we cannot under any pretext remain disinterested spectators of a conflict between North America and England. Evidently France is not called upon to avenge the insults received by England; but as the recognition of the South by that Power would lead to a definitive division of the United States, it cannot be an isolated act, and would impose on France an equally decisive attitude in that question. *The result would be that the two great maritime powers of Europe might be led into a common action, and have the same political object.* That being so, President Lincoln, *in ordering an act of brutality*, has perhaps given a proof of foresight, by preparing a separation which at the present moment he can neither propose nor accept."

In a second article it says:—

The Councillors of the Crown in England have justly decided that the act committed by the San Jacinto was a violation of the international law. In our opinion they are quite right. We will say more—it appears to us that the great maritime nations can hardly remain indifferent to a question which concerns their rights and their interests. *It is evident that such a precedent cannot be admitted by any one.* * * * * If the envoys of the South were fugitives, leaving their country for any cause whatever, did not the flag of England cover them? *Can England or France permit a violation on their territory of the great principles of hospitality which are practised in all places sheltered by their flags?* And on a vessel at sea, an Englishman, like the Frenchman, is on his own soil—such is the principle. Can the exceptions made for contraband of war, or for assistance by armed men be invoked in the present case? Another question: If the Americans had the right to carry off by force the envoys of the South, in the passage from St. Thomas, a Danish possession, to the Havana, a Spanish one, would they not have had also the right to carry off by force Southern envoys in a passage from Dover to Calais? It is by absurdity that absurdity is demonstrated. England has, therefore, the incontestible right to make herself respected, and we shall applaud all that may be done to protect international law, which seems to us too much disregarded.

Our readers will note that one weak point in our case is our attempt to justify American action by English law and precedents, instead of being true to our own principles. Thus another French journal, the Paris *Debats*, says:—

France apart, there is no government that has protested with so much perseverance and energy (as America) against the proceedings of the English navy and of the justice of Great Britain touching the principles of an equitable and liberal maritime law for all nations. In 1812, even, the United States undertook, in defence of those principles, a war which did them much honor, but which forbids them now to revive on their own account the evil practices which they then combated. The search of the Trent, even were it legal, which we think it cannot be, and were it not an act absolutely to be condemned, *would still appear inexplicable on the part of a Power so excessively jealous of the respect due to its flag. Who, since the peace, has shown more susceptibility on that point? Who has been on every occasion more litigious, more exacting, and more disagreeable with other Powers, when that question came under discussion?* Who preferred leaving facilities for the slave trade rather than admit the right of searching their ships, even in the restricted limits of the gulf of Guinea? Who refused the liberal principles of the Congress of Paris, while assuming the air of asking for still more? And what did the United States ask? Why, that henceforth every merchantman should be, even in time of war, declared inviolable and exempt from all the consequences of a state of war?

Our readers will see by the above quotations, in what spirit influential and even anti-English French papers comment upon this matter. They will also see that no fine-spun distinctions will be able to convince the French that we have not acted in violation of our own principles and precedents, however conformable to those English ones against whose arbitrary spirit we have uniformly protested.

Senator Hale, in a recent unwise speech in the Senate, is reported to have said:—

If we had war with England it would be for the same cause that had sent one king to the block, and another homeless and houseless over the world, and one that would appeal to men wherever the English language was spoken. He believed, too, that if Napoleon had one desire more than another, it was to wipe out the stain on the French arms at Waterloo. All over Canada there were thousands of Irishmen who would rush to arms to sustain such a cause. Our principle was our great strength, and if war must come we would say let it come, and thank God that we were the instruments in His hands to work out His own cause.

We trust that when, if ever, we have war with England, it will be truly for some great cause, some great principle, and one that will appeal to men wherever not only the English language, but any language at all is spoken. We do not wish, however, to go to war upon a question, in which—so far as the naked, abstract right is concerned—the English have, we fear, the *American and liberal side.*

As to any expectations of important aid from France or Ireland, Senator Hale may read in the Paris papers that the French think we are wrong—and in the proceedings of the recent Irish peace-meeting in Dublin, that the chairman of that meeting thinks about as highly of the Southern rebels as he does of the United States; looking upon them *both* as very dear friends, and advising them very coolly and complacently to kiss and make up.

The testimony of Gen. Scott, according to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, is as follows:—

The General, who has had unusual opportunities of ascertaining the convictions of eminent men abroad, and of judging what course will be taken by England and France, is profoundly impressed with the danger of the breaking out of hostilities between England and the United States at a very early period, and believes in the necessity of prompt action on the part of our government to avert a collision. He is satisfied (in what manner and for what causes will be explained hereafter) *that in no case can we expect any aid or even countenance from France, and believes that whatever action may be taken by the latter, will at least operate against us in the event of an appeal to arms.*

The General, it may be added, *is much gratified with what now appears to be the position of our government*, and regards the prospect of a peaceable adjustment of the difficulty as much better than it had seemed to be in Europe.

For our own part, we firmly believe that peace will be maintained. We do not believe that England wishes war, and we think that our own government will avoid any resort to hostilities if it can possibly be done without national humiliation. When the British people learn that an amicable temper rules on this side of the ocean, and that we have had no intention of insulting their flag, or goading them into a war, they will recover their own temper, and begin to look at the whole affair from a more reasonable point of view.

One truth, however, we should gather from this unpleasant affair—and that is the necessity of putting down the Rebellion as speedily as possible. While it exists, the chances of difficulties arising with both France and England are greatly increased. Peace abroad will be best maintained by crushing our enemies at home. Therefore let us not slacken in our efforts to suppress as rapidly as possible a rebellion which exposes us constantly to the danger of national humiliation, and even menaces through foreign complications the very existence of the Republic.

ONE REASON.

There is no doubt that a large portion of the English people honestly believe that we have been trying for months past to goad them into a war, and that the Mason and Slidell affair was intended as the crowning insult. This impression is probably to be attributed in no small degree, to the many insulting articles which have appeared in the *N. Y. Herald*—which articles are regularly copied into the *London Times* and other anti-American sheets, with the object of injuring the North in the eyes of their readers. The English, seeing the *Herald's* articles constantly copied, judge that it is an influential organ of American public opinion: and hold the country responsible for the unprincipled editorials of the most inconsistent and unprincipled sheet in the Union. We candidly believe that had it not been for the bitter articles in the *Herald*, and their regular republication in England by the journals opposed to the American Union, the excitement relative to the search of the Trent would have been much less bitter and violent. It is an instance of the truth of the old saying, that even a gnat can sting a lion to madness.

THE GOLDEN MOMENT.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax writes from Washington as follows:

Reliable information has reached here, that after the descent of our troops on Port Royal and the retreat of the rebels, the Mayor and people of Charleston determined to surrender their city, rather than allow it to be burned. But our army did not know this; and now, instead of the glorious banner of the Republic waving over the walls of Sumter, the people are building, with the aid of their slaves, miles of fortifications to resist our advance upon the city, and have forced into the ranks of their Home Army there, large bodies of men who have hitherto kept aloof from the struggle.

We know not how much dependence is to be placed upon the above. But a wise and daring commander in Sherman's place, would probably have captured either Charleston or Savannah,—or, perhaps both cities. The history of the world is full of instances where military commanders, by taking advantage of a momentary panic of the enemy, have effected the most surprising results.

But it needs the eye of genius to see such openings, and the daring arm of genius to accomplish them. Men who are always apprehending defeat and more Bull Runs, will never accomplish anything without a vast superiority of force. Putting aside the recent successful movements of Gen. Pope, there can scarcely be shown a single proof of the possession of military genius on either side, in the whole course of the present war. Gen. Pope's recent capture of the rebel forces in Missouri, certainly does look a little as if he was something more than a merely safe and prudent commander. Sigel also has shown some indications of possessing the true military eye. What Fremont is, the abrupt official close put to his campaign in Missouri—when only a week or two more would have enabled the country to decide upon his abilities—renders it unable for any one to say.

It is no slight matter to miss these favorable opportunities—for they do not often return. In civil and political as in military affairs, if the proper moment—the golden opportunity—passes by, it may not come again for a generation. That cautious prudence which verges on timidity and cowardice, is thus, in times of commotion and trouble, often even more to be dreaded than rashness.

There is a class of statesmen and military commanders, whose fatal delusion seems to be that it is always *safe* to do nothing. They seem to think that though by inaction they gain nothing, they also lose nothing. And all the time they are drifting past golden moments, providential opportunities, into a wide and deepening sea of trouble and difficulty. We fear greatly that our civil and military leaders are in danger of adopting this apparently prudent and cautious, but really dangerous and unsafe policy.

CHARLESTON.

Charleston seems to be pretty effectually blockaded at last. Seventeen old whalers, laden with Yankee granite, have been sunk in the principal channel in the following manner:—

CHARITY. STORM-KING. HENRIETTA.
OCEAN-WAVE. SWIFTSURE.

The tides will, it is believed, in a short time form over vessels sunk in the above manner a perfectly impassable bar, and one that no artificial or natural means will be likely to remove. No attempt has been made to close the smaller channels, as the water of the rivers must find a vent somewhere.

With a large portion of it consumed by fire, and its main outlet by sea thus blocked up, Charleston will probably become, in a few years, an American Tyre. And the wise and good shall say of it, as they contemplate its charred and desolate ruins:—

"Surely I will make thee a wilderness, and cities which are not inhabited.

"And I will prepare destroyers against thee, every one with his weapons; and they shall cut down thy choice cedars, and cast them into the fire.

"And many nations shall pass by this city, and they shall say every man to his neighbor, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city?

"Then they shall answer, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord their God, and worshipped other gods and served them.

"Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work."

PRINCE ALBERT.

The death of Prince Albert seems to have been very sudden and unexpected. His loss will be greatly regretted by the English people, for a more unexceptionable husband for their Queen could scarcely have been found. Mindful of the natural jealousy of the English people in relation to foreign influence, he took no public part in politics, although it is very probable that he wielded a private influence of considerable potency. Prince Albert was a generous patron of many liberal, benevolent and artistic enterprises, and always preserved the reputation of an exemplary husband and father. In his own domestic circle his loss will be the most deeply felt, and the longest deplored.

MISSOURI.

We are glad to hear from Missouri that Fremont's policy of clearing out the rebels is again substantially adopted, and that forward and not backward movements are once more in fashion. When Fremont was recalled, there was scarcely an armed body of rebels in the state, except along the southern border. Since then, four rebel recruiting offices have been opened in Lexington, the North Missouri railroad has been destroyed for miles, and all things relapsed into the condition that they were when Fremont first moved from Sedalia. Here is an extract from a letter written on the 15th ult., by an old citizen of south-west Missouri:—

"Look at ruined Missouri! Fremont did more in two months than all the rest have done since the war broke out, yet he was removed, and the army turned back. Want of provisions was the plea, but Price can find provisions plenty upon the same ground. He has robbed south-west Missouri along three different routes, and now I fear he will rob south-east Kansas, almost in sight of our troops.

"I fought for my country in 1814 and 1815, and I have been fighting for it since this rebellion broke out; but, now, with eight of my neighbors, I am going back to ask protection of Price, and permission to occupy our homes in peace. Many others, who have been driven out, are going to do the same, for they can see no other way. I am 62 years of age, and four of our company are still older than myself. It is hard for us to pull off our hats to a rebel, in order to get to live on the places we paid for; but we are too old to begin once more in the woods, with nothing to live on. *We lost sons and brothers at Wilson's Creek, and a nephew north of Carthage; and now, in our old age, we must seek protection of our murderers and robbers,* with hundreds and thousands of others. People have to live, and if one party will not protect them, another will."

The last advices inform us that the rebels have been again driven by Gen. Pope south of the Osage, and that Price is again retreating towards Arkansas. We trust not only that this is true—but that the country once more won, will be held. We felt convinced at the time, that the backward movement made after the removal of Fremont, was a most lamentable piece of folly; but civilians can say little to such things when done under the plea of military policy, but have to wait and note the results. Those results, we judge, have convinced nearly everybody by this time, that the policy in question was a deplorably bad one, alike in its bearings upon the general campaign, and upon the unfortunate Unionists of south-western and central Missouri.

WORDS OF CHEER.

We cannot pretend to do more than acknowledge in this wholesale and unsatisfactory manner, the many kind and complimentary words that we have found in our letters of late. We beg the writers not to think, however, that such kindly words are wasted because not publicly referred to. Only occasionally does it suit to quote such testimonials of approval in our columns. Thus an Ohio lady, while renewing her subscription, writes as follows:—

I was almost tempted to write to you while reading the Mystery, to tell you how delighted I was with it, how much we all loved dear Anne Hereford; only our cheeks did tingle when she would go poking into that West Wing. And we are sure yet that it was Edwin Barley who committed the murder.

Mr. Editor, those ladies in Vermont and Indiana cannot begin to appreciate you as we do, unless they live in a retired country village, where the arrival of THE POST is *the* event of the week. Hoping it may continue a thousand years, with many thousand fold its present number of subscribers, I remain yours, M. S.

To the many subscribers who have exerted themselves, and are now exerting themselves to increase the circulation of THE POST, our warmest thanks are due. They show by their works that they are friends indeed—and, of all words of cheer, none are more cheering than those which come in the shape of a list of new subscribers.

VERY CONSIDERATE.—The rebel newspapers in Richmond, are very fearful lest our government should sacrifice its honor in the present difficulty with England. They think we should go to war with John Bull rather than yield a single point. One of them winds up with saying that what they (the rebels) most need at present is a fleet. It is generally good policy to disappoint your enemies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TREATISE ON ORDNANCE AND NAVAL GUNNERY. Compiled and arranged as a Text Book for the U. S. Naval Academy. By Lieut. EDWARD SIMPSON, U. S. Navy. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Published by D. Van Nostrand, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price, $4.00.

YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; or The Right Road Through Life. A Boy's Book on a Boy's Own Subject. By HENRY MAYHEW, author of the "Peasant Boy Philosopher," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Volume XIII. Part—Redwitz. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York and London. John McFarlan, 33 South Sixth street, Philadelphia, agent.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER. Six Volumes. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. An edition uniform with Ticknor & Field's Waverly Novels. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

☞ Have the courage to hear what your enemies say of you. They are secrets worth knowing—for the most part stories founded upon fact.

Have the courage to carry a cheap umbrella; you will discover why when you lose it.

Have the courage to ask for the bills of your professional men, and to pay them; you will be slow to run up others.

THE TRENT AFFAIR SETTLED.

MASON AND SLIDELL TO BE GIVEN UP.

THE ADVICE OF FRANCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The National Intelligencer, of this morning, has the official announcement of the adjustment of the Trent difficulty, and the correspondence between Lord Lyons and the Secretary of State, is published in full, occupying five columns of that paper. The decision of the President in the Trent affair, as announced and explained in the despatch of Secretary Seward, has the approval of every member of the Cabinet. The National Intelligencer says:—"The law of nations, as traditionally interpreted by our government, has received a new sanction, though at the cost, it may, of some national sensibility, waked into disproportionate activity by the temporary exacerbations of civil feuds. The latter, let us remember, are but for a day—the law of nations is for all time."

The despatch from Earl Russell, her Britannic Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after reciting the circumstances under which he understood the capture of these parties to have been made, proceeds to characterize it as an outrage on the British flag, and after expressing the hope and belief that it had not been authorized by our government, asks a reparation appropriate to such an aggression, that the four gentlemen designated should be released, that an apology should be given for what the British government deems an affront to her flag.

In responding to this demand, Mr. Seward, after reviewing the circumstances under which the arrest was effected, according to the report of our naval officers and thus developing the inaccuracies and omissions of the British statements, proceeds to analyze the facts and principles of public law involved in the case, and arrives at the conclusion that the neglect of Capt. Wilkes, partly voluntary as it was on his part, to bring the Trent in for trial as a lawful prize, may be justly held to operate as a forfeiture of the belligerent right of capture accruing under the laws of nations, and that the government of the United States, as well from the consideration of inconsistency with its own traditional policy respecting maritime rights of neutrals, would be in its own wrong if it should refuse a compliance with the British demand, so far as relates to the disposition that shall be made of the prisoners taken into custody of Capt. Wilkes, under circumstances believed to be justly open to exception on both the grounds thus indicated. So far as regards the apology asked by the British government, none is tendered, because a simple statement of the facts as they are suffices to show that no offence could have been intended on the part of our government, as it had given no instructions whatever in the premises, while the proceeding of Capt. Wilkes in so far as it fails to accrue to the benefit of his government, and to conform to the rules of public law, was dictated by cosiderations of kindness and forbearance.

Mr. Seward in conclusion says:—"If I decide this case in favor of my own government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford such a sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. It will be seen, therefore, that this government could not deny the justice of the claim presented to us in this respect upon its merits.

"We are asked to do to the British nation first, what we have always insisted that all nations ought to do to us. The claim of the British government is not made in a discourteous manner. This government since its first organization has never used more guarded language in a similar case. In coming to my conclusion I have not forgotten that if the safety of this Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this government to detain them; but the effectual check and waning proportions of the existing insurrection, as well as the comparative unimportance of the captured persons themselves, when dispassionately weighed, happily forbid me from resorting to that defence.

"Nor am I aware that American citizens are not in any case to be unnecessarily surrendered, for any purpose, into the keeping of foreign States. Only the captured persons, however, and others who are interested in them, could justly raise a question on that ground. Nor have I been tempted at all by the suggestions that cases might be found in history where Great Britain refused to yield to other nations, and even to ourselves, claims like that which is now before us.

"Those cases occurred when Great Britain, as well as the United States, was the home of generations which, with all their peculiar interests and passions, have passed away. She could, in no other way, so effectually disavow any such injury as we think she has done us by assuming now, as her own, the ground upon which we then stood. It would tell little for our own claims to character of a just and magnanimous people, if we should so far consent to be guided by the law of retaliation as to lift up buried injuries from their graves to oppose against what national consistency and national conscience compel us to regard as a claim internationally right.

"Putting behind me all suggestions of this kind, I prefer to express my satisfaction that by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, naturally satisfactory to both the nations concerned, a question especially and rightly settled between them which, heretofore, exhausting not only all the forms of peaceful discussion, but the arbitrament of war itself for more than half a century, alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehension all other nations.

"The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your Lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them.

"I avail myself of this occasion to offer to your Lordship a renewed assurance of my very high consideration.

(Signed) "WM. H. SEWARD."

Here follows a letter from M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of State, and the reply of Mr. Seward. The French Minister's letter sets forth the facts of the arrest, and points out the dangers it involves, and urges a compliance with the demands of the British Government; and Mr. Seward replies that before M. Thouvenel's dispatch had been received, our Government had decided on its course of action, and concludes by an expression that the President appreciates the kindly motives of the French Government.

LORD LYONS TO MR. SEWARD.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1861.

The Hon. Wm. H. Seward, &c., &c.

SIR—I have this morning received the note which you did me the honor to address to me yesterday, in answer to Earl Russell's dispatch of the 30th November last, relative to the removal of Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Macfarland and Mr. Eustis from the British mail packet Trent.

I will, without any loss of time, forward to Her Majesty's Government a copy of the important communication which you have made to me.

I will also, without delay, do myself the honor to confer with you personally on the arrangements to be made for delivering the four gentlemen to me, in order that they may be again placed under the protection of the British flag.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

(Signed) LYONS.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM MISSOURI.

ANOTHER REBEL DEFEAT.—NINE HUNDRED REBELS DISPERSED—ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY KILLED AND WOUNDED—THIRTY-FIVE PRISONERS.

PALMYRA, Dec. 29.—Yesterday, General Prentiss, with 450 men, encountered and dispersed a body of rebels 900 strong, under Gen. Dorsey, at Mount Zion, Boone county, killing and wounding 150 of them, and capturing 35 prisoners, 95 horses, and 105 guns. Our loss was only 3 killed, and 11 wounded.

The rebels burned another train on the North Missouri Railroad on Saturday, and say that they intend to destroy all the cars on the road, to prevent it from being used during the present winter.

LATER FROM BEAUFORT, S. C.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The steamer Empire City has arrived. She left Beaufort on the 24th and Port Royal on the 25th inst.

The 79th New York regiment had made a reconnoissance fifteen miles from Beaufort, capturing six rebels.

Our troops are still building entrenchments on Tybee island, while Fort Pulaski kept a continual fire on them without damage.

A rebel boat which had come down the Warsaw channel to reconnoitre, was chased and driven ashore by a gunboat, and two of her crew captured. The officers and crews of the stone fleet sunk in Charleston harbor have returned to New York.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—The rebels have raised a secession flag on Pohick church, and a large force under Gen. Jameson, consisting of seven Pennsylvania regiments, has gone to remove it at all hazards.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 28.—The following news is gleaned from the Richmond papers.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 27.—The Courier of this morning states that the Yankee gunboats exchanged a few shots with the Cole Island battery yesterday.

Other despatches received at Richmond from Charleston state that a Federal fleet of twelve gunboats passed up to White Point, on the North Edisto river, and made a demonstration on Gen. Evans's forces. Reinforcements had been sent to Gen. Evans, and a battle was expected soon.

Other demonstrations had also been made on points between Beaufort and Charleston.

Five Union gunboats anchored off Cole Island last night, and a battle was expected every hour.

John G. Davis, a member of the Federal Congress, from the Seventh District of Indiana, has arrived at Hopkinsville, Ky., on his way to Richmond, but for what purpose it is not stated.

A dispatch dated Nashville, the 25th, says that Tom Crittenden, with twelve thousand men, were within forty miles of Hopkinsville, Ky., and would advance upon that place at three points.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

On Monday, the 30th, the New York Banks suspended specie payments.

The Philadelphia Banks followed suit. The heavy drafts on their coin caused by their large advances to the government render this step, in their judgment, necessary. We presume it will be quite generally followed in the large cities, though the drain upon the City Banks results from causes which tend rather to strengthen than weaken the Banks of the interior.

WARLIKE ENTERPRISE.

Napoleon remarked at St. Helena:—"Generals are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, establish themselves, consider their combinations, but then commences their indecision; nothing is so difficult, and at the same time so important, as to know when to decide."

Wellington said:—"The fault with most commanders, however brave, is backwardness in taking the last step to bring on a battle, especially when armies are large; arising from deep moral anxieties, and, after all, the uncertainties of the issue."

Washington, in a letter to Congress in 1780, expressly speaks of "our security depending on a want of enterprise in the enemy," and says that "we have been indebted, for our safety during a greater part of the war, to their inactivity."

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!

☞ Living was cheap enough in olden time. Socrates was supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but he lived worse than a slave. His coat was shabby, and he wore the same garment winter and summer; he went barefooted; his chief food was bread and water; and as he engaged in no business to mend his estate or income, it is not wonderful that his wife scolded. Demosthenes, his sister and their mother paid for their board $105 a year, and provided the house into the bargain.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonesome bosom,
Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie;
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

☞ The bitter gall of secessionism sometimes drops from the tongue of woman; yet in some colloquies the quick wit of the Union ladies has silenced, if not convinced. In Louisville, Ky., at a morning call, a secesh lady said: "I am astonished, Mrs. G——, that you will make it necessary for your friends to pass under that flag (the stars and stripes) as they enter your door." To which the Union lady quickly remarked, "Madam, *I* can't see the necessity for *your* passing under the flag."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR 1862.

A happy New Year, patrons! May it be
A happier than the last for Liberty!
Pray God the young strong year, fresh from His hand,
May see the fiend cast out from our loved land,
Whose wild and wicked will was almost done
In this of eighteen hundred sixty-one—
This fateful year, born in the gathering gloom,
The stormy blackness of the coming doom;
Men crying Peace! while none the land could gain,
With poison rioting in every vein—
Stupendous fraud, and perjury, and theft,
In secret wrought, the bonds of Union reft;
Still slept the North, half-roused by lurid gleams,
Struggling uneasily with nightmare dreams,
Till the great wakening shock—the shot and shell
Bursting o'er Sumter, broke the fatal spell,
And "Sleep no longer—dream of peace no more!"
Was thundered on us with continuous roar.
Those days of siege—the nation held its breath,
While treason's direst enginery of death
Descended on the brave and loyal few
That Anderson drew round him, staunch and true.
Then Sumter fell. The bannered stars august,
The dear old Flag, was trailing in the dust!
How did that word like fire electric run
Through the stunned heart of every patriot son!
The whole North-land as one strong man uprose,
To battle to the death with Freedom's foes.
From Maine's cold rocks to California's shore,
Her hosts are marshalled for the holy war;
Her noble wives and mothers keep not back
Their dearest from the soldier's shining track.

A troop whose silence earth can never break,
Such royal souls as death was proud to take,
With mien of solemn joy are gliding by,
Their country's lovers, glad for her to die.
Young Ellsworth, with his quick and fiery zeal,
His boy-heart eager for the clash of steel,
His splendid dreams of prowess for the right,
Struck down upon the threshold of the fight.
And Greble, standing firm in honor's place,
Foreshadowing sadness on his German face,
That "some one blundered" could not be his care,
Simply with strong right arm to do and dare.
An honored Puritan name young Winthrop brings;
Sweet is the incense of such offerings!
A life, with all its opening promise fair,
Its culture ripening into fruitage rare,
Upon the altar laid, unfaltering,
And caught up quickly, as a precious thing.

New sacrifices on Potomac's banks!
Our best and bravest swell the silent ranks.
One leads them on, where boldest deeds are done,
Whom Pennsylvania proudly calls her son.
Whose grand, true heart, and brain of clearness rare,
And eloquent tongue, our councils least could spare.
Lamented Baker! luckless was the day
That massed thy noble form with common clay.

What heart but shares that mother's bitter cup,
With tenderest, noblest nurture rearing up
To manhood's strength, a princely soul and true,
Like Sydney living, like him dying, too,
Craving in vain the sweet, warm, human part
Of the fair spirit nestling in her heart.
His last words as in amber laying by,
"In such a cause, it is not hard to die!"

But on Missouri's dark and bloody ground,
Fiercest and deadliest the war-cries sound.
On Springfield's fatal plain a gallant band,
'Mid foes o'erwhelming, take their perilous stand.
The pitying heavens that saddest sight behold,
True men borne down by traitors bad and bold.
Vainly their chief for succor wildly prays,
And sweeps the gory field with anguished gaze,
Into that stream of brave men perishing,
His life was flung, an unregarded thing,
And grief, as for their dearest friend's farewell,
Smote on the people's heart when Lyon fell!

Hark! from the South a heavy, ominous roar,
The Union thunders at her guilty door.
Upon the very spot where treason nurst
And warmed to venomous life her brood accurst,
The nation's might strikes dumb its proud deniers,
Dupont's bold sailors launch the booming fires;
Triumphant shouts announce Port Royal free,
Reclaimed to glorious law and liberty.
Her beautiful harbor open to the world,
Above her fort the starry flag unfurled.
At Beaufort, Hatteras, our ships are lying,
Our banner o'er their conquered strongholds flying.
And thus begins the end—for freedom's foes
The drama hastens to its bitter close.
Swift shame and woe inexorably treading
Where'er rebellion kindred blood is shedding.
The Old Dominion grown a stale offence,
None now so poor to do her reverence—
Dismembered, desolate, her glories o'er,
Among her starry sisters named no more,
Her loyal sons shall rear another state,
More proud and fair, to freedom consecrate.
For Maryland all rebel schemes are o'er,
Vain their fond dream of captured Baltimore;
The mountain fastnesses of Tennessee
Hold fast their precious right among the free;
Kentucky's gallant land has struggled out
From the base alloy of her rebel rout,
And takes at last her firm, defiant stand,
Facing the South with resolute, lifted hand.
Missouri wrestles yet in mortal strife
For all her suffering sons hold dear in life;
Her fields are wasted, tilled in doubt and fear,
Her night glooms heavy, but the dawn is near.

A land so rich in all things great and high,
For which such martyr spirits smiling die,
Will surely work out a triumphant ending
Of this great tribulation Heaven is sending
To purge us of our sins. Are not the ten
Righteous among our guilty once again
To save the justly doomed? So let us trust,
And pray that soon this warfare's bloody dust
With living water cleansed, pure for all time,
America may lift her front sublime
So fair that every land its strife shall cease
Before the radiant, conquering smile of Peace!

☞ LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.—Old Fog—"Is this the office to recover lost property?" Clerk—"Yes." Old Fog—"Then, could you recover for me my cotton pocket-handkerchief? It has two knots tied in it, that mean all sorts of things, and I'm terribly afraid that somebody will find them out!"

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

It was during the first months of my residence in Paris, in the days of Charles X., and nearly five-and-thirty years ago. I had been to take a farewell dinner, and a temperate glass or two of Medoc, with a fellow-townsman and neighbor of mine, who was on the point of returning to the paternal roof in Somersetshire. He had been studying medicine and the elements of practical chemistry for the last year, under the watchful eye of his uncle, a pharmacien in the Place Vendome, and it was there, in a small sky lighted back room behind the shop, which fronted Napoleon's Triumphal Column, that we had our modest symposium. I was loth to part with him, he had been so true a friend; he it was who crammed me with colloquial French—the popular idioms of the Parisian highways; who made me acquainted with all the ins and outs, the by-ways and the short cuts of old Lutetia, and taught me how to solve the difficult problem of cutting my coat according to my cloth, which, in those days, was unfortunately very scanty indeed.

It is not much to be wondered at that I forgot the lapse of time, and that, when at length I screwed myself up to the pitch of saying the last adieus, and had torn myself away, it should be verging towards the small hours of the morning. In truth, it was on the point of striking one when I left the house, and before I had well got clear of the broad "Place," the hour had struck.

At any other time I should not have cared a straw about this, but have walked on quietly to my lodging in the Rue Richelieu; but now I knew that would be of no use. That old concentrated essence of verjuice, Ganache, the porter, to save himself a little trouble, had detained my letters of a morning till I came down, instead of sending them by the *garcon* to my room, on the fourth floor, and I had quarrelled with him in consequence, and given notice to quit at the end of my month. Since our quarrel he had used me savagely, and I knew he was no more likely to let me in after one o'clock than he was to pay my tailor's bill.

This reflection brought me to a stand-still. What should I do? Where should I go? To increase my chagrin it began to rain in a rather sharp shower. Instinctively I faced about, ran across the Place, and got under shelter of the piazzas in the Rue de Castiglione, just in time to save myself from a drenching torrent which burst on the streets like a waterspout. I was walking up and down in the dark, taking counsel of myself, until the storm should cease, when I stumbled and tripped over somebody lying crouched up at the foot of a pillar.

"Is that you, Janin?" said a rather whining voice, which seemed to proceed from some one in the act of waking from sleep.

"No," said I, "it isn't Janin; who are you, and why are you lying here at this time of night?"

"Un pauvre aveugle!" said he; "I am waiting here for my comrade, who is gone to the spectacle. You see, M'sieu Janin is fond of the spectacle, and while he is getting his fill of it, I take my pastime on the cold stones."

I thought it but a grim sort of joke, and told him I should think better of Janin if he were more considerate for his friend.

The poor blind wretch did not agree with me, and, to my surprise, began vindicating the character of Janin.

"You see, M'sieu," he said, "if I am blind, Janin has good eyesight, and why should he not enjoy it? he may as well be blind as I, if he is to see nothing. One should not be selfish although one is unfortunate."

While he was speaking, and I was inwardly admiring his simple magnanimity, Janin came up at a quick pace, and chanting a lively ditty.

"What, my old philosopher! so you have company," he said; "I am afraid I must disturb your conference."

"Make no apology for that, I pray," said I; "but if you can direct me to a lodging, I shall feel obliged."

"You are English," said Janin; "there is an English house in the Rue de l'Odeon, which is always open till two; if you make for the Pont Neuf at once, and step out, you will be there in good time."

"Good night, then, my lads"—and away I trudged at a round pace for the Pont Neuf—crossed it in a pelting shower, and made the best of my way to the Rue de l'Odeon. I accounted myself fortunate in reaching the house a few minutes before the hour for closing the door, but found that I had not so much cause for congratulation as I had imagined, as the place was full, and the only accommodation the landlady could offer me was a small truckle-bed in a two-bedded room, already bespoken for the night by a previous comer.

Being wet through by the rain, and feeling that I should not mend matters by faring further, I was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and accept the truckle-bed. Moreover, wishing to get out of my damp garments as quickly as possible, I asked for my candle, and was forthwith shown to the dormitory, which I found was up four flights of stairs. I lost no time in getting between the sheets, but had no intention of going to sleep until I knew at least what sort of a subject was to be the companion of my slumbers. So I took a book from my pocket, and, placing my candle on a chair by the bedside, began to read, resolved to keep my light burning and myself awake until the sound of footsteps on the stairs should apprise me of the approach of the stranger. After the lapse of about half-an-hour, the sounds I was listening for approached, and then, clapping the extinguisher on the light, I lay back, half-closed my eyes, and affected to sleep.

The figure that now entered the room was not at all a fascinating one, to my view at least. He was a man of about five and-thirty, jauntily garbed in one of the pea-green, high-collared surtouts current among the fast men who affected the Luxembourg quarter of the Paris of that day, but which surtout, like the rest of his garments, seemed to have run all too suddenly to seed. There was something boozy and vicious in the expression of his face, which, spite of a fierce-looking moustache, gave one the idea of meanness and servility, coupled with a reckless kind of bravado, which smacked rather of swagger than of daring, and in every feature there was the impress of debauchery and intemperance. He uttered a brief, common-place greeting as he entered the room, but finding that I took no notice of it, probably concluded that I was asleep, and so said no more.

In less than five minutes he had bundled himself into bed and had put out the light, and after a few minutes more began to give audible tokens of the soundness of his slumbers. Though I had formed the worst opinion of my companion, I did not feel the slightest alarm. He evidently had no hostile purpose; he had no weapon of any kind, not even a stick, and I felt assured that in a personal encounter I could easily master him. Still, there was something in his wandering eye, which never rested for a moment on a single spot, that I did not like, and I felt a little annoyed with myself that I had not placed my garments nearer my hand, instead of spreading them on chairs in the middle of the room, in order to get them dry. These thoughts, however, were but momentary, and in a very brief space I had forgotten everything in a quiet slumber.

I suppose I may have slept about two hours, and the dawn was just breaking, when I was awoke by a slight noise like something falling on the tiled floor of the apartment.—Luckily, I did not start or make the least movement, but, half-opening my eyes, in the full consciousness of the situation, I saw that my companion was in the act of getting out of bed. His movements were so slow and cautious, and noiselessly made, that they roused my suspicion, and I watched him narrowly through my seemingly closed lids. With the stealthiness of a prowling cat, he got upon his feet, and, with his eyes fixed on me, advanced slowly to the foot of my bed. His object plainly was to be sure that I slept; and I took care to betray no signs of wakefulness that might undeceive him. After a statue like watch of a few moments, he seemed to have assured himself of my slumbers, and, turning softly round, thrust his hand into one of the pockets of my pantaloons, and, withdrawing the contents, retreated to his bed, carrying the plunder with him.—Here he lay motionless for several minutes, watching me attentively the while. At length he raised himself, and drawing a canvas bag from beneath his pillow, deposited within it the booty he had seized, replaced it, and lay down, as if to compose himself to sleep.

My blood was boiling in my veins at the fellow's impudent robbery, and I felt half inclined to rise and pummel him as he lay, and recover my property. There was no occasion, however, for any hurry; and, reflecting that second thoughts are sometimes best, I lay still, endeavoring to form some plan for doing myself justice, if it might be, without a scene of violence, which might be attended with unpleasant consequences, but fully determined to do battle for my own, if no other alternative presented itself. The contents of the pocket which the fellow had rifled amounted to about three pounds English, all in five-franc pieces, which I had received from my friend of the night before, in final discharge of an accommodation account between us. This was no great sum, to be sure, but it was more than I could then afford to lose; and indeed, the idea of resigning it without a struggle was the last I should have thought of entertaining.

While puzzling my brains for some practicable expedient, which, however, did not present itself, I could not help admiring the calm placidity of the countenance of the villain who had robbed me, who, from his satisfied expression, seemed to be enjoying the consciousness of some good action; but in this I was much deceived. The rascal was no more asleep than I was. If my anxiety and indignation were perplexing me, his apprehensions were at the same moment troubling him; and just as I was abandoning all hope of concocting a plan for the recovery of my money without fighting for it, a movement on his part put me in possession of one which had at least the promise of success. I saw him open his eyes suddenly, and fix them full on me; then rising, he withdrew the canvas bag once more from beneath his pillow, and stepped out of bed with it in his hand. There stood upon the window-sill a withered geranium in a glazed earthenware pot—the plant was a mere stick, which had dried up and died from want of water. To my amazement the thief lifted the plant out of the pot by the stem, raising the earth in which it had grown, and which was all matted together by the roots, along with it; he then deposited the bag in the bottom of the pot, and, replacing the plant, got quietly into bed once more.

I saw at once that this move placed the result of the game very much in my own power and I soon made up my mind how to act. I do not suppose that either of us went to sleep again; and I have often thought since, what a curious study we might have presented to any concealed spectator who should have been in the secret of our relative predicaments during the following two hours or so. I knew, of course, that my light-fingered friend would not think of rising till I was up and gone; having placed his booty where he might reasonably deem it beyond the possibility of discovery, he was doubtless prepared to outface any suspicion or accusation that might be made against him, and therefore he would lie there until he had the field to himself. Accordingly, about seven o'clock I got up, deliberately washed and dressed, and, having finished my toilet, was almost ready to start, being well aware all the while that the fellow, who was feigning sleep, had his eyes upon me, and was watching for the moment when I should discover my loss. Of course I did not discover it; but when I had drawn on my boots, and was ready to go, I became suddenly aware that the atmosphere of the room was insufferably close, and began to puff and blow, and ejaculate interjectional complaints of the want of air; at the next moment I ran to the window, threw it wide with one hand, and leaning forward as if to catch the morning breeze, awkwardly swept off the flower-pot down into the little court seventy feet below.

In an instant the seeming sleeper was standing in his shirt on the middle of the floor, and demanding with an angry oath what I had done.

"Nothing," said I, "beyond breaking a flower-pot—the plant was withered and good for nothing. Excuse my awkwardness; I will indemnify the landlady. Good-morning."

My nonchalance deceived the scoundrel, and he stood aside to let me pass, looking rather black, however, as I walked out. There seemed to be no one astir in the house save the *garcon*, who was roasting coffee at the open front door, and I was only made aware of him by the agreeable fumes which assailed my nostrils, as I sped like a greyhound down the stairs. In half a minute I was in the little back court, where lay the smashed remains of the pot and the withered flower. Feeling morally certain that the shock head and scowling visage of the thief were protruding from the window above, I drew the canvas bag from the crumbled dry mould, and held it up to his gaze. There he was, sure enough, growling and grinding his teeth with rage and mortification.

"Why don't you cry 'Stop thief?'" I bawled out to him. "Did you think to catch the Englishman asleep? Au revoir, Coquin!"

I waited no reply, but, making for the street, jumped into the first fiacre that came in view, and in half an hour had alighted at my own lodging. As I was mounting to my apartment, *au quatrieme*, I met on the stairs my friend and chum Ollendorf, who was sallying forth to meet his morning pupils.

"Halloo!" said he, "you've been out all night?"

"Yes," said I, "and I've had an adventure."

"Good! let me hear all about it."

I told him how I had passed the night, and all that had happened.

"Capital!" he cried; "and have you examined the thief's bag?"

"No, I have not done that yet; but of course it contains nothing but what is my own."

"Do not be too sure of that. Come, we will examine it together."

He followed me into my room, and I lugged forth the bag, feeling confident that the fertile imagination of my philological friend had misled him, as it was apt to do. To my astonishment there were in the bag, in addition to the money rifled from my pocket, a gold Napoleon, a five-franc piece, and a pair of enormously large circular ear-rings of alloyed gold, such as one often sees in the ears of the provincial immigrants who crowd the wharves, the markets, and warehouses of Paris.

"There!" said my friend, "you see that the rascal had more strings to his bow than you gave him credit for. If you had made an uproar and a charge of theft, he could have retorted the charge upon you—would have shown his own empty pockets, and might have stood as good a chance of criminating you as you of criminating him. However, you may forgive him, since he has paid you for the trouble of defeating his purpose; and really, I think he has treated you handsomely."

"Against his will; but, seriously, what ought I to do? had I not better put the affair into the hands of the police?"

"Do you know the rule in such cases here? If not, I must tell you that if you put the thief's money into the hands of the police, you will also be compelled to hand over the whole contents of the bag; and how much of it you will get back, and *when* you will get any, you must be cleverer than I am if you can guess."

I finally decided not to trouble the police with the business; but as I could not have made use of the scoundrel's money, any more than I could have worn the huge ear-rings, I wrapped both up in paper together, and placed them in my pocket-book until time and circumstances should present some fit and proper mode of disposing of them.

It was about a year after the above adventure, and when the details of it had almost faded from my memory, that I was invited by a friend from England to accompany him on a visit to one of the Parisian prisons—if I recollect right it was the New Bicetre, which, after a deal of solicitation and trouble he had obtained permission to inspect. While we were wandering through the workshops, in which the prisoners labor together in silence for so many hours a day, as my friend was committing his notes to paper, I amused myself by scanning the demoralized physiognomies around me, little suspecting that I was destined to find an acquaintance among them. Close to my elbow there stood a man at a bench, bending over his work, which was that of carving sabots from unshapely blocks of willow wood. I was admiring the rapidity and boldness of his execution, when he suddenly lifted his head and exposed to view the face, which I had formerly studied with such deliberation, of the thief of the Rue de l'Odeon. I knew him at once, and saw that the recognition was mutual, for he lowered his head again instantly, and plainly sought to elude my gaze. I could not, of course, speak to him then, without contravening the rules of the prison; but on imparting my wish to do so to the guide who had us in charge, he promised to give me the opportunity I sought, when we had finished our survey. He was as good as his word, and before leaving the prison I was conducted to the delinquent in his own cell, whither he had been remanded that I might see him. The poor wretch, who, it was clear, imagined that I was going to lodge a fresh charge against him, seemed struck with a mortal pallor as I entered.

"Do not be alarmed," I said; "I have no complaint to make against you; but I have been wishing to meet you, and to make a restoration of property which may perhaps be of use to you." I unfolded my pocket-book and took out the little packet containing the Napoleon, the five-franc piece, and the ear-rings. "These, I think, belong to you—is it not so?"

He bowed assent, but did not speak.

"Take them," I said, "and take better care of them than you did when you had them last."

He glanced at the attendant, as if to intimate that the man's presence prevented his saying more, and merely replied, with impressive earnestness, "M'sieu, you are a man of honor!"

I wished I could return the compliment.

HELP.

"Who'll help me?"
Said one with spirit free,
Of men and fate defiant,
And firm and self-reliant,
Who scorned to ask another,
Were it a friend or brother,
To aid him in the stress
Of perils numberless.

"Who'll help me
In dire extremity
To be a man again,
And trample down my pain,
And lift mine eyes to heaven,
Confiding and forgiven?"

"I," said the Ocean,
"With all my strength of tides,
And the heave of my commotion,
Where the wild tempest rides."

"I," said the joyous Earth,
"In all my populous girth,
From the pole unto the pole,
From the east unto the west,
I'll aid thee, noble soul,
To rise and do thy best!"

"And we," said the Day and Night,
And the Law of Gravitation.
"And we," said the Dark and the Light,
And the Stars in their gyration.
"And I," said Justice, moving
To the right hand of the throne:
"And I," said Fate, approving,
"I make thy cause mine own."

"I knew ye would," said he
Who lay in extremity.
"Strong will, pure soul, true heart—
With these to take my part,
And God's law aiding ever
The resolute endeavor,
I'll do the best I can
To live an honest man;
And if I die, I die,
Strong in my God on high!"

RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.

Having found a German friend in the head physician of the military hospital at Riga, I accompanied him one morning on his visit thither. On the way he told me how difficult it was to elicit from the men the real seat of their complaints, as every ailing in the upper part of the body, whether in the head, back, or stomach, they call *pain in the heart;* and those in the lower parts of the body, *pain in the leg.* Having arrived at the hospital, all the patients that were able to do so, arrayed themselves in a row, dumb and stiff as if on military parade. "How do you feel to-day, old man?" asked the doctor, of the first. "*My heart pains,*" was the expected timid reply. "*Tongue out,*" said the doctor, and out it was. Turning to the next, the same question, same reply, and same tongue operation. More than thirty in the row underwent the same medical inquiries and process. I was about leaving, when my friend told me to look round. To my utter astonishment I saw the whole lot still standing in military attitude, with their tongues wide out. We looked on for awhile, when the doctor loudly gave the word, "*Tongues in,*" and all the articulating organs vanished in an instant. My risible faculties were so excited by the ludicrous scene, that it was some moments after we were in the open street ere I could, rather reproachingly, ask my friend how he could play such a trick on the poor fellows. "You must not judge," said he, "by exceptions. I merely wanted to show you to what extent the blind spirit of discipline prevails among the Russian troops. Nor are the fellows," added he, "the worse for the joke; on the contrary, they believe that the cure is greatly promoted by keeping the tongue out in the presence of the doctor, the longer the better." M.

☞ The gipsies, it is now thought by the learned, did not originate in Egypt, though the name is a corruption of Egyptian. In fact, gipsies are called by a different name in every country in Europe—in France, Bohemians; in Italy, Wallachians, &c. A German author, who has devoted many years to the investigation of the subject, comparing the language and customs of the gipsies with those of other races, arrives at the conclusion that they are of East Indian origin. Their language, character and habits he shows are unmistakably Hindoo.

☞ SUDDEN ACCESSION OF KINDRED.—An old man named Paddleburn, worth £50,000, who, though he had not a relative in the world, advertised in the papers for anyone claiming kindred to come forward, when, in less than twenty-four hours, he was visited by no less than six aunts, fourteen uncles, forty-four nephews, ninety-three nieces, and one hundred and forty-eight cousins.

☞ The civil war in China is attended with horrible atrocities. During the siege of Nanking, after all the food having been devoured, cannibalism broke out in the beleaguered city, and *human flesh* was sold at fourteen pence per pound.

☞ THE SIX STAGES.—Man is at ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty, tame, if ever; at forty, wise; at fifty, rich; at sixty, good, or never.

MEERSCHAUM.

The value of the meerschaum pipes and cigar tubes imported into the United States in 1858, it is stated, amounted to $200,000. A great sum to be wasted on a *mere sham.* This is really getting to be a serious business. It is bad enough to waste time and money—say nothing of breath—in the consumption of the evil weed, but when to this is added the mania for coloring expensive pipes, thus increasing the habit of smoking, the folly of it all is really too preposterous.

We were amused the other day, at hearing a young but ambitious smoker, gravely asserting that meerschaum was made of the foam of the sea! This impression has probably arisen from the German word used to designate the material—*meerschaum* meaning *sea foam*—a poetical figure of speech, alluding to its lightness and whitish appearance. It is properly magnesite, a mineral of soft earthly texture somewhat resembling chalk, found in Spain and other countries at the head of the Mediterranean. To produce the yellow and brown colors so much admired in the pipes, and which are brought out only after long smoking, the blocks from which the pipes are made, are kept for some time in a mixture of wax and fatty matters. A portion of these is absorbed, and being subsequently acted upon by the heat and the tobacco fumes, assumes various shades of color. Thus the smoker in coloring his pipe, is employed in the dignified business of mingling tobacco smoke with a mixture of wax and grease!

Here we are reminded of a little incident which recently took place within our knowledge, and which amusingly illustrates the folly of meerschaum coloring. A gentleman had an expensive meerschaum, which he doted upon, but which notwithstanding all his smoking he could not color as fast as he desired. In fact, after long puffing, it only showed one little spot of brown. Some of his friends told him they did not believe it would ever color, and the indefatigable smoker grew quite despondent. One evening his wife, who naturally sympathized with him in his trouble, took up the pipe during his absence, and while examining it brought it over the flame of a lamp. Immediately a strong color was brought out by the heat, much to the surprise of the lady. Laying the pipe away, however, she said nothing about the matter. On the following morning when the gentleman made his usual inspection of his beloved pipe, his delight and amazement knew no bounds. His meerschaum had colored splendidly, and all owing to his indefatigable puffing! He displayed it in triumph to his friends, and became a more firm believer than ever in the virtues of tobacco smoke. Meantime his good lady said nothing, but she has imparted the secret to her female friends that they may be able to assist their husbands in their arduous endeavors to color their meerschaums. She is a very benevolent lady, and wants to do all the good she can in the world.—*Portland Transcript.*

A HYACINTH BLOOMING UNDER WATER.

Here is a pretty experiment for our lady friends who are fond of flowers. We copy from a little work called "The Parlor Gardener," published by J. E. Tilton & Co.:—

Having made your choice among the brightest shades of blue, red and yellow, you must give your greatest care to a charming experiment which will be the source of a very agreeable amusement for you all the winter. You can procure, at a small expense, two vases of plain, clear, uncolored glass; both of the same form, except that one has no bottom, and is a little smaller than the other. They are to be used as follows:—Put into the one open at both ends one of the finest of your hyacinth roots; suppose you take one of a fine red—a Sultan Soliman for instance; place this bulb in a position inverse to its natural position, that is, with the bottom up, and the top, from which the leaves and flowers are to come, downward, even with the orifice at the bottom of the vase. Then you must crumble a mixture of good garden earth and leaf mould over the bulb until the vase is three-quarters full. A second bulb with a flower in strong contrast to the first, say a blue, if the flower of the first is red, and *vice versa*, must be next placed in the vase, so that the top shall be even with the upper orifice. You have nothing more to do than to place the vase thus prepared upon the first vase, full of water.

Two similar couples look very well, placed upon two ends of the mantel-piece of a room in which people habitually sit, and where, consequently, fire is constantly made while the cold season lasts. The earth in the upper vase should be moderately watered as soon as the bulbs are placed in it, and then kept constantly moist, avoiding excess by renewed watering whenever you perceive that the earth is getting dry.

At the end of two days, the crowns of the two bulbs will both send out straight, white roots; those of the reversed bulb turn down in curves, but do not fulfill their functions worse for that. Very soon the two bulbs placed in a contrary position to each other put forth leaves—the one into the air, the other into the water; then you will see appear in the midst of the transparent liquid the buds on the floral stalk, and finally the flowers, as beautiful, as well formed, of as rich a color, surrounded by leaves of as fine a green as the corresponding parts possess, of the other flower planted in the ordinary manner, and vegetating and developing in the air its natural element. It is true that time is necessary for all this to be accomplished; bulbs planted in October will flower fully in February or March; but is it not a pleasure to watch day by day the phases of development, above all that of the hyacinth which ends by blooming in the water, head downward?

☞ A lover often brings suit in the court of a lady's heart without being able to sue out an attachment.

TO-NIGHT BY THE FARMER'S FIRE.

BY MRS. HOYT.

What are the children thinking of
To-night by the farmer's fire?
What are the children talking of
By the beautiful, blazing fire?
There are little bits of boys and girls,
And girls and boys not so very little,
Some half undressed in cap and gown,
Sitting, standing, and tumbling down,
Frizzle heads, smooth heads, and heads of curls,
And some in boots who can whistle and whittle
All together there in a heap,
Big enough all to be asleep,
Little tall children, little short children,
Rosy children, plump as a berry,
Wide awake children, ever so merry,
What is the cause of the clatter they keep
To-night, by the farmer's fire,
By the beautiful, blazing fire?

I know what the children are thinking of
By the fireside's ruddy glow,
And I know what the children are talking of
As well as I want to know;
For I've been a little bit of a girl
At night, by a farm-house fire,
With sisters and brothers, oh, ever so many,
As wide awake and as noisy as any—
Have helped, myself, to keep up the clatter
By the beautiful, blazing fire,
When counting the days to that golden date
For the coming of Christmas we scarce could wait.
Oh, that Christmas day! that blessed day:
How could we wait? Yet we did wait,
And so must you, my little friend;
But come it will, you may depend,
And the fair, white snow of the world below,
Why, children, it will be a Christmas snow!
Such icicles hanging from all the eaves,
Such frost-work trellised on all the leaves,
Such drifts, such piles, so dazzling white,
How could God make it in just one night!

Oh, I know as well as if I were there
How you will laugh and how you will shout,
When you wake in the morning and first look out;
And how you will laugh, and how you will shout
When you go down stairs and first find out
How the gifts you have dreamed of have come to your share;
As you empty your stockings of goodies and toys,
And take down your dolls, books, pictures and slates,
Your caps, mittens, knives, whistles, trumpet's, and skates.
Just the happiest girls and the happiest boys
As you think, and I think, that ever were born
To live by the light of a farmer's fire;
By the great, red blaze of the farm-house fire,
By the beautiful fire of a Christmas morn.

—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

THE MYSTERY OF FERNWOOD;

OR,

THE EVIL OF CONCEALMENT.

PART I.

"No, Isabel, I do not consider that Lady Adela seconded her son's invitation at all warmly."

This was the third time within the last hour that my aunt had made the above remark. We were seated opposite to each other in a first-class carriage of the York express, and the flat fields of ripening wheat were flitting by us like yellow shadows under the afternoon sunshine. We were going on a visit to Fernwood, a country mansion twenty miles from York, in order that I might become acquainted with the family of Mr. Lewis Wendale, to whose only son Laurence I was engaged to be married.

Laurence Wendale and I had only been acquainted during the brief May and June of my first London season, which I—the orphan heiress of a wealthy Calcutta merchant—had passed under the roof of my aunt, Mrs. Maddison Trevor, the dashing widow of a major in the Life Guards, and the only sister of my dead father. Mrs. Trevor had made many objections to this brief six weeks' engagement between Laurence and I; but the impetuous young Yorkshireman had overruled every thing. What objection could there be? he asked. He was to have two thousand a year and Fernwood at his father's death; forty thousand pounds from a maiden aunt the day he came of age,—for he was not yet one-and-twenty, my impetuous young lover. As for his family, let Mrs. Trevor look into Burke's "County Families" for the Wendales of Fernwood. His mother was Lady Adela, youngest daughter of Lord Kingwood, of Castle Kingwood, county Kildare. What objection could my aunt have, then? His family did not know me, and might not approve of the match, urged my aunt. Laurence laughed aloud; a long ringing peal of that merry, musical laughter I loved so well to hear.

"Not approve!" he cried,—"not love my little Bella? That is too good a joke!" On which immediately followed an invitation to Fernwood, seconded by a note from Lady Adela Wendale.

It was to this very note that my aunt was never tired of taking objection. It was cold, it was stiff, constrained; it had been only written to please Laurence. How little I thought of the letter! and yet it was the first faint and shadowy indication of that terrible rock ahead upon which my life was to be wrecked; the first feeble link in the chain of the one great mystery in which the fate of so many was involved.

The letter was cold, certainly. Lady Adela started by declaring she should be most happy to see us; she was all anxiety to be introduced to her charming daughter-in-law. And then my lady ran off to tell us how dull Fernwood was, and how she feared we should regret our long journey into the heart of Yorkshire to a lonely country-house, where we should find no one but a captious invalid, a couple of nervous women, and a young man devoted to farming and field-sports.

But I was not afraid of being dull where my light-hearted Laurence was; and I overruled all my aunt's objections, ordered half a dozen new dresses, and carried Mrs. Maddison Trevor off to the Great Northern Station before she had time to remonstrate.

Laurence had gone on before to see that all was prepared for us; and had promised to meet us at York, and drive us over to Fernwood in his mail-phaeton. He was standing on the platform as the train entered the station, with the sunshine glittering about his chestnut curls, and his clear blue eyes radiant with life and happiness.

Laurence Wendale was very handsome; but perhaps his greatest charm consisted in that wonderful vitality, that untiring energy and indomitable spirit, which made him so different to all other young men whom I had met. So great was this vitality, that, by some magnetic influence, it seemed to communicate itself to others. I was never tired when Laurence was with me. I could waltz longer with him for my partner; ride longer in the Row with him for my cavalier; sit out an opera, or examine an exhibition of pictures, with less fatigue when he was near. His presence pervaded a whole house; his joyous laugh rang through every room. It seemed as if where he was sorrow could not come.

I felt this more than ever as we drew nearer Fernwood. The country was bleak and bare; wide wastes of moorland stretched away on either side of the by-road down which we drove. The afternoon sunshine had faded out, leaving a cold, gray sky, with low masses of leaden clouds brooding close over the landscape, and shutting in the dim horizon. But no influence of scenery or atmosphere could affect Laurence Wendale. His spirits were even higher than usual this afternoon.

"They have fitted up the oak-rooms for you, ladies," he said. "Such solemn and stately chambers, with high canopied beds crowned with funeral plumes; black oak paneling; portraits of dead-and-gone Wendales; Mistress Aurora, with pannier-hoops and a shepherdess's crook; Mistress Lydia, with ringlets *a la Sevigne* and a pearl necklace; Mortimer Wendale, in a Ramillies wig; Theodore, with love-locks, velvet doublet, and Spanish-leather boots. Such a collection of them! You may expect to see them all descend from their frames in the witching time of night to warm their icy fingers at your sea-coal fires. Your expected arrival has made quite a sensation in our dull, old abode. My mother has looked up from the last new novel she had from Mudie half a dozen times this day, I verily believe, to ask if all due preparations were being made; while my dear, active, patient, indefatigable sister Lucy has been running about superintending the arrangements ever since breakfast."

"Your sister Lucy," I said, catching at his last words; "I shall so love her, Laurence."

"I hope you will, darling," he answered, almost gravely, "for she has been the best and dearest sister to me. And yet I'm half afraid; Lucy is ten years older than you—grave, reserved, sometimes almost melancholy; but if ever there was a banished angel treading this earth in human form, my sister Lucy surely is that guardian spirit."

"Is she like you, Laurence?"

"Like me? Oh, no, not in the least. She is only my half-sister, you know. She resembles her mother, who died young."

We were at the gates of Fernwood when he said this—high wooden gates, with stone pillars moss-grown and dilapidated; a tumble-down looking lodge, kept by a slatternly woman, whose children were at play in a square patch of ground planted with cabbages and currant-bushes, fenced in with a rotten paling, and ambitiously called a garden. From this lodge-entrance a long avenue stretched away for about half a mile, at the end of which a great red-brick mansion, built in the Tudor style, frowned at us, rather as if in defiance than in welcome. The park was entirely uncultivated; the trunks of the trees were choked with the tangled underwood; the fern grew deep in the long vistas, broken here and there by solitary pools of black water, on whose quiet borders we heard the flap of the heron's wing, and the dull croaking of an army of frogs.

Lady Adela was right. Fernwood *was* a dull place. I could scarcely repress a shudder as we drove under the dark avenue; while, as for my poor aunt, her teeth chattered audibly. Accustomed to spend three parts of the year in Onslow Square, and the autumn months at Brighton or Ryde, this dreary Yorkshire mansion was a terrible trial to her rather over-sensitive nerves.

Laurence seemed to divine the reason of our silence.

"The place is frightfully neglected, Mrs. Trevor," he said apologetically, "but I do not mean this sort of thing to last, I assure you. Before ever I bring my delicate little Bella to Fernwood, I will have landscape-gardeners and upholsterers down by the score, and try to convert this dreary wilderness into a terrestrial paradise. I cannot tell you why the place has been suffered to fall into decay; certainly not for want of money, still less for want of opportunity, for my father is an idle man, to whom one would imagine restoring and rebuilding would afford a delightful hobby. No, there is no reason why the place should have been so neglected."

He said this more to himself than to us, as if the words were spoken in answer to some long train of thought of his own, and then, growing silent, he seemed to relapse into this old reverie. I watched his face earnestly, for I had seldom seen him look so thoughtful. Presently he said, with more his old manner,

"As you are close upon the threshold of Fernwood now, ladies, I ought perhaps to tell you that you will find ours a most low-spirited family. With everything in life to make us happy, we seem for ever under a cloud. Ever since I can remember my poor father, he has been dropping slowly into decay, almost in the same way as this neglected place, till now he is a confirmed invalid, without any positive illness. My mother reads novels all day, and half lives upon sal-volatile and spirits of lavender. My sister, the only active person in the house, is always thoughtful, and very often melancholy. Mind, I merely tell you this to prepare you for anything you may see; not to depress you, for you may depend upon my exertions towards reforming this dreary household, which has sunk into habitual despondency from sheer easy fortune and want of vexation."

The phaeton drew up before a broad flight of stone steps as Laurence ceased speaking, and in five minutes more he had assisted my aunt and myself to alight, and had ushered us into the presence of Lady Adela and Miss Lucy Wendale.

We found Lady Adela, as her son's description had given us reason to expect, absorbed in a novel. She threw down her book as we entered, and advanced to meet us with considerable cordiality; rather, indeed, as if she really were grateful to us for breaking in upon her solitary life.

"It is so good of you to come," she said, folding me in her slender arms with an almost motherly embrace, "and so kind of you, too, my dear Mrs. Trevor, to abandon all your town pleasures for the sake of bringing this dear girl to me. Believe me, we will do all in our power to make you comfortable, if you can put up with very limited society; for we have received no company whatever since my son's childhood, and I do not think my visiting-list could muster half a dozen names."

Lady Adela was an elegant-looking woman in the very prime of life; but her handsome face was thin and careworn, and premature wrinkles gathered about her melancholy blue eyes and thoughtful mouth. While she was talking to my aunt, Lucy Wendale and I drew nearer to each other.

Laurence's half-sister was by no means handsome; pale and sallow, with dark hair and rather dull gray eyes, she looked as if some hidden sorrow had quenched out the light of her life long ago, in her earliest youth; some sorrow that had neither been forgotten nor decreased by time, but that had rather grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, until it had become a part of her very self,—some disappointed attachment, I thought, some cruel blow that had shattered a girl's first dream, and left a broken-hearted woman to mourn the fatal delusion. In my utter ignorance of life, I thought these were the only griefs which ever left a woman's life desolate.

"You will try and be happy at Fernwood, Isabel," Lucy Wendale said, gently, as she drew me into a seat by her side, while Laurence bent fondly over us both. I do not believe, dear as we were to each other, that my Laurence ever loved me as he loved this pale-faced half-sister. "You will try and be happy, will you not, dear Isabel? Laurence has been breaking-in the prettiest chestnut mare in all Yorkshire, I think, that you may explore the country with us. I have heard what a daring horsewoman you are. The pianos have been put in tune for you, and the billiard-table re-covered that you may have exercise on rainy days; and if we cannot give you much society, we will do all else to prevent your feeling dull."

"I shall be very happy here with you, dear Lucy," I said; "but you tell me so much of the dullness of Fernwood, while, I dare say, you yourself have a hundred associations that make the old place very dear to you."

She looked down as I spoke, and a very faint flush broke through the sallow paleness of her complexion.

"I am not very fond of Fernwood," she said, gravely.

It was at Fernwood, then, that the great sorrow of her life came upon her, I thought.

"No, Lucy," said Laurence, almost impatiently, "everybody knows this dull place is killing you by inches, and yet nothing on earth can induce you to quit it. When we all go to Scarborough or Burlington, when mamma goes to Harrowgate, when I run up to town to rub off my provincial rust, and see what the world is made of outside these dreary gates,—you obstinately persist in staying at home; and the only reason you can urge for doing so is, that you must remain here to take care of that unfortunate invalid of yours, Mr. Thomas.

I was holding Lucy's hand in mine, and I felt the poor wasted little fingers tremble as her brother spoke. My curiosity was strongly aroused.

"Mr. Thomas!" I exclaimed, half-involuntarily.

"Ah, to be sure, Bella, I forgot to tell you of that member of our household, but as I have never seen him, I may be forgiven the omission. This Mr. Thomas is a poor relative of my father's: a hopeless invalid, bed-ridden, I believe,—is he not, Lucy?—who requires a strong man and an experienced nurse to look after him, and who occupies the entire upper story of one wing of the house. Poor Mr. Thomas, invalid as he is, must certainly be a most fascinating person. My mother goes to see him every day, but as stealthily as if she were paying a secret visit to some condemned criminal. I have often met my father coming away from his rooms, pale and melancholy; and, as for my sister Lucy, she is so attached to this sick dependent of ours, that, as I have just said, nothing will induce her to leave the house, for fear his nurse or his valet should fail in their care of him."

I still held Lucy's hand, but it was perfectly steady now. Could this poor relative, this invalid dependent, have any part in the sorrowful mystery that had overshadowed her life? And yet, no; I thought that could scarcely be, for she looked up with such perfect self-possession as she answered her brother—

"My whole life has gradually fallen into the duty of attendance upon this poor young man, Laurence; and I will never leave Fernwood while he lives."

Young man! Mr. Thomas was a young man, then.

Lucy herself led my aunt and me to the handsome suite of apartments prepared for us. Mrs. Trevor's room was separated from mine by a corridor, out of which opened two dressing-rooms and a pretty little boudoir, all looking on to the park. My room was at the extreme angle of the building; it had two doors, one leading to the corridor communicating with my aunt's apartments, the other opening into a gallery running the entire length of the house. Looking out into this gallery, I saw that the opposite wing was shut in by a baise door. I looked with some curiosity at this heavy baize door. It was most likely the barrier which closed the outer world upon Laurence Wendale's invalid relation.

Lucy left us as soon as she had installed my aunt and I in our apartments. While I was dressing for dinner, the housekeeper, a stout, elderly woman, came to ask me if I found everything I required.

"As you haven't brought your own servant with you, miss," she said, "Miss Lucy told me to place her maid Sarah entirely at your service. Miss gives very little work to a maid herself, so Sarah has plenty of leisure time on her hands, and you'll find her a very respectable young woman."

I told her that I could do all I wanted for myself; but before she left me I could not resist asking her one question about the mysterious invalid.

"Are Mr. Thomas's rooms at this end of the house?" I asked.

The woman looked at me with an almost scared expression, and was silent for a moment.

"Has Mr. Laurence been saying anything to you about Mr. Thomas?" she said; rather anxiously, as I thought.

"Mr. Laurence and his sister Miss Lucy were both talking of him just now."

"Oh, indeed, miss," answered the woman, with an air of relief; "the poor gentleman's rooms are at the other end of the gallery, miss."

"Has he lived here long?" I asked.

"Nigh upon twenty years, miss—above twenty years, I'm thinking."

"I suppose he is distantly related to the family."

"Yes, miss."

"And quite dependent on Mr. Wendale?"

"Yes, miss."

"It is very good of your master to have supported him for so many years, and to keep him in such comfort."

"My master is a very good man, miss."

The woman seemed determined to give me as little information as possible; but I could not resist one more question.

"How is it that in all these years Mr. Laurence has never seen this invalid relation?" I asked.

It seemed that this question, of all others, was the most embarrassing to the housekeeper. She turned first red and then pale, and said, in a very confused manner,

"The poor gentleman never leaves his room, miss; and Mr. Laurence has such high spirits, bless his dear heart, and has such a noisy, rackety way with him, that he's no fit company for an invalid."

It was evidently useless trying for further information, so I abandoned the attempt, and bidding the housekeeper good afternoon, began to dress my hair before the massive oak-framed looking-glass.

"The truth of the matter is," I said to myself, "that after all there is nothing more to be said about it. I have tried to create a mystery out of the simplest possible family arrangement. Mr. Wendale has a bed-ridden relative, too poor and too helpless to support himself. What more natural than that he should give him house-room in this dreary old mansion, where there seems space enough to lodge a regiment?"

I found the family assembled in the drawing room. Mr. Wendale was the wreck of a very handsome man. He must in early life have resembled Laurence; but, as my lover had said, it seemed indeed as if he and the house and grounds of Fernwood had fallen into decay together. But notwithstanding his weak state of health, he gave us a warm welcome, and did the honors of his hospitable dinner-table with the easy grace of a finished gentleman.

After dinner, my aunt and Lady Adela sat at one of the windows talking; while Laurence, Lucy, and I gathered together upon a long stone terrace outside the drawing-room, watching the last low crimson streak of the August sunset fade out behind the black trunks of the trees, and melt away into faint red splashes upon the water-pools among the brushwood. We were very happy together; Laurence and I talking of a hundred different subjects, telling Lucy our London adventures, describing our fashionable friends, our drives and rides, *fetes*, balls, and dinners; she, with a grave smile upon her lips, listening to us with almost maternal patience.

"I must take you over the old house to-morrow, Isabel," Laurence said, in the course of the evening. "I suppose Lucy did not tell you that she had put you into the haunted room?"

"No, indeed!"

"You must not listen to this silly boy, my dear Isabel," said Miss Wendale. "Of course, like all other old houses, Fernwood can boast its ghost-story; but since no one in my father's lifetime has ever seen the phantom, you may imagine that it is not a very formidable one."

"But you own there *is* a ghost?" I exclaimed eagerly. "Pray tell me the story."

"I'll tell you, Bella," answered Laurence, "and then you'll know what sort of visitor to expect when the bells of Fernwood church, hidden away behind the elms yonder, tremble on the stroke of midnight. A certain Sir Humphrey Wendale, who lived in the time of Henry the Eighth, was wronged by his wife, a very beautiful woman. Had he acted according to the ordinary fashion of the time, he would have murdered the lady and his rival; but our ancestor was of a more original turn of mind, and he hit upon an original plan of vengeance. He turned every servant out of Fernwood House; and one morning, when the unhappy lady was sleeping, he locked every door of the mansion, secured every outlet and inlet, and rode away merrily in the summer sunshine, leaving his wife to die the slow and hideous death of starvation. Fernwood is lonely enough even now, Heaven knows! but was lonelier in those distant days. A passing traveller may now and then have glanced upward at the smokeless chimneys, dimly visible across the trees, as he rode under the park-palings; but none ever dreamed that the deserted mansion had one luckless tenant. Fifteen months afterwards, when Sir Humphrey rode home from foreign travel, he had some difficulty in forcing the door of the chamber in which you are to sleep; the withered and skeleton form of his dead wife had fallen across the threshhold."

"What a horrible story!" I exclaimed with a shiver.

"It is only a legend, dear Isabel," said Lucy; "like all tradition, exaggerated and distorted into due proportions of poetic horror. Pray, do not suffer your mind to dwell upon such a fable."

"Indeed I hope it is not true," I answered. "How fond people are of linking mysteries and horrors such as this with the history of an old family! And yet we never fail across any such family mystery in our own days."

I slept soundly that night at Fernwood, undisturbed by the attenuated shadow of Sybil Wendale, Sir Humphrey's unhappy wife. The bright sunshine was reflected in the oak-panels of my room, and the larks were singing high up in a cloudless blue sky, when I awoke. I found my aunt quite reconciled to her visit.

"Lady Adela is a very agreeable woman," she said; "quiet, perhaps, to a fault, but with that high tone of manner which is always charming. Lucy Wendale seems a dear good girl, though evidently a confirmed old maid. You will find her of inestimable use when you are married, that is to say, if you ever have to manage this great rambling place, which will of course fall to your lot in the event of poor Mr. Wendale's death."

As for myself, I was as happy at Fernwood as the August days were long. Lucy Wendale rode remarkably well. It was the only amusement for which she cared; and she and her horses were on terms of the most devoted attachment. Laurence, his sister, and I were therefore constantly out together, riding amongst the hills about Fernwood, and exploring the country for twenty miles round.

Indoors, Lucy left us very much to ourselves. She was the ruling spirit of the house, and but for her every thing must have fallen utterly to decay. Lady Adela read novels,

ANCIENT SPANISH MARTELLO TOWER UPON TYBEE ISLAND, MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.

FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

When the National troops landed on Tybee Island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, they found the fortifications erected there by the rebels abandoned. In the centre of the works was a monument of "the olden time," a martello tower, built by the early Spaniards. It is thus described by the Herald correspondent:

"Within the battery rose the gray walls of a martello tower, showing but few evidences of decay without, but within the platforms and floors, and the heavy timbers, were wasted by rot and rapidly crumbling to dust. It was a strange old tower, and, a curious monument of ancient engineering skill. It is at least 50 feet in diameter and as many feet in height. Constructed of tapia, a concrete of oyster shells and lime, with walls at least 10 feet thick, pierced for musketry, and with portholes for five cannon, and evidently intended to resist a long siege, it showed that this was the scene of war and bloodshed generations ago. How many flags had waved over its gray battlements it were hard to tell. First the Spanish, then the French or English; afterwards the Colonial ensign; then the Stars and Stripes, followed for a brief time by a rebel flag of stars and bars, and now the ensign of the Union floats like a thing of beauty high above it. When we reached the tower, Jack of the navy was engaged in rolling huge blocks of concrete into the lower door, and barricading it. Entrance to the tower is gained by a ladder of primitive style, which leads to a door 10 feet from the ground. Stepping upon a floor, rotten and dangerous, we gain a view of the internal arrangements of this curious work. In the centre is a well, constructed of heavy timber, which extends from a distance below the ground to the summit of the tower. At the bottom of this well was once a fine spring of water, but it had long since been clogged up with falling timber and masses of concrete. From the well timbers are laid to the walls, and the flooring placed upon them. The timbers are much decayed, and a large portion of the flooring has rotted and fallen in dust below. Two or three fireplaces, built in the walls, contained, when I saw them, a cheerful fire of hard pine. The walls are pierced for musketry, and evidences of platforms for sharpshooters are seen near the parapet."

or made a feeble attempt at amusing my aunt with her conversation. Mr. Wendale kept his room during the fore part of the day; while Laurence and I played, sang, sketched, and rattled the billiard-balls over the green cloth whenever bad weather drove us to in-door amusements.

It was one day that I was sketching the castellated facade of the old mansion, that I noticed one peculiar circumstance connected with the suite of rooms occupied by the invalid, Mr. Thomas. These rooms were at the extreme left angle of the building, and were lighted by a range of six windows. I was surprised by observing that every one of these windows was of ground glass. I asked Laurence the reason of this.

"Why, I believe the glare of light was too much for Mr. Thomas," he answered; "so my father, who is the kindest creature in Christendom, had the windows made opaque, as you see them now."

"Has the alteration been long made?"

It was made when I was about six years old; I have rather a vague recollection of the event, and I should not perhaps remember it but for one circumstance. I was riding about down here one morning on my Shetland pony, when my attention was attracted by a child who was looking through one of those windows. I was not near enough to see his face, but I fancy he must have been about my own age. He beckoned to me, and I was riding across the grass to respond to his invitation, when my sister Lucy appeared at the window and snatched the child away. I suppose he was some one belonging to the female attendant upon Mr. Thomas, and had strayed unnoticed into the invalid's rooms. I never saw him again; and the next day a glazier came over from York, and made the alteration in the windows."

"But Mr. Thomas must have air; I suppose the windows are sometimes opened," I said.

"Never; they are each ventilated by a single pane, which, if you observe, is open now."

"I cannot help pitying this poor man," I said, after a pause, "shut out almost from the light of heaven by his infirmities, deprived of all society."

"Not entirely so," answered Laurence.—"No one knows how many stolen hours my sister Lucy devotes to her poor invalid."

"Perhaps he is a very studious man, and finds his consolation in literary or scientific pursuits," I said. "Does he read very much?"

"I think not. I never heard of his having any books got for him."

"But one thing has puzzled me, Laurence," I continued. "Lucy spoke of him the other day as a young man, and yet Mrs. Person, your housekeeper, told me he had lived at Fernwood for upwards of twenty years."

"As for that," answered Laurence, carelessly, "Lucy no doubt remembers him as a young man upon his first arrival here, and continues to call him so from mere force of habit. But, pray, my little inquisitive Bella, do not rack your brains about this poor relation of ours. To tell the truth, I have become so used to his unseen presence in the house, that I have ceased to think of him at all. I meet a grim woman, dressed in black merino, coming out of the green-baize door, and I know that she is Mr. Thomas's nurse; or I see a solemn-faced man, and I am equally assured that he is Mr. Thomas's servant, James Beck, who has grown gray in his office; I encounter the doctor riding away from Fernwood on his brown cob, and I feel convinced that he has just looked in to see how Mr. Thomas is going on; if I miss my sister for an hour in the twilight, I know that she is in the west wing talking to Mr. Thomas; but as nobody ever calls upon me to do anything for the poor man, I think no more of the matter."

I felt these words almost a reproof to what might have appeared idle, or even impertinent, curiosity on my part. And yet the careless indifference of Laurence's manner seemed to jar upon my senses. Could it be that this glad and high-hearted being, whom I so tenderly loved, was selfish—heedless of the sufferings of others? No, it was surely not this that prompted his thoughtless words. It is a positive impossibility for one whose whole nature is life and motion, animation and vigor, to comprehend for one brief moment the terrors of the invalid's darkened rooms and solitary days.

I had been nearly a month at Fernwood, when, for the first time during our visit, Laurence left us. One of his old school-fellows, a lieutenant in the army, was quartered with his regiment at York, and Laurence had promised to dine at the mess. Though I had been most earnest in requesting him to accept this invitation, I could not help feeling dull and dispirited as I watched him drive away down the avenue, and felt that for the first time we were to spend the long autumn evening without him. Do what I would, the time hung heavily on my hands. The September sunset was beautiful, and Lucy and I walked up and down the terrace after dinner, while Mr. Wendale slept in his easy-chair, and my aunt and Lady Adela exchanged drowsy monosyllabic sentences on a couch near the fire, which was always lighted in the evening.

It was in vain that I tried to listen to Lucy's conversation. My thoughts wandered in spite of myself,—sometimes to Laurence in the brilliantly-lighted mess-room, enlivening a cluster of *blasé* officers with his boisterous gaiety; sometimes, as if in contrast to this, to the dark west rooms in which the invalid counted the long hours; sometimes to that dim future in whose shadowy years death was to claim our weary host, and Laurence and I were to be master and mistress at Fernwood. I had often tried to picture the place as it would be when it fell into Laurence's hands, and architects and landscape-gardeners came to work their wondrous transformations; but, do what I would, I could never imagine it otherwise than as it was,—with straggling ivy hanging forlornly about the moss-stained walls, and solitary pools of stagnant water hiding among the tangled brushwood.

Laurence and I were to be married in the following spring. He would come of age in February, and I should be twenty in March,—scarcely a year between our ages, and both a great deal too young to marry, my aunt said. After tea Lucy and I sang and played. Dreary music it seemed to me that night. I thought my voice and the piano were both out of tune, and I left Lucy very rudely in the middle of our favorite duet. I took up twenty books from the crowded drawing-room table, only to throw them wearily down again. Never had Lady Adela's novels seemed so stupid as when I looked into them that night; never had my aunt's conversation sounded so tiresome. I looked from my watch to the old-fashioned time-piece upon the chimney half-a-dozen times, to find at last that it was scarcely ten o'clock. Laurence had promised to be home by eleven, and had begged Lucy and I to sit up for him.

Eleven struck at last; but Laurence had not kept his promise. My aunt and Lady Adela rose to light their candles. Mr. Wendale always retired a little after nine. I pleaded for half an hour longer, and Lucy was too kind not to comply readily.

"Isabel is right," she said; "Laurence is a spoilt boy, you know, mamma, and will feel himself very much ill-used if he finds no one up to hear his description of the mess-dinner."

"Only half-an-hour, then, mind, young ladies," said my aunt. "I cannot allow you to spoil your complexions on account of dissipated people, who drive twenty miles to a military dinner. One half-hour; not a moment more, or I shall come down again to scold you both."

We promised obedience, and my aunt left us. Lucy and I seated ourselves on each side of the low fire, which had burned dull and hollow. I was much too dispirited to talk, and I sat listening to the ticking of the clock, and the occasional falling of a cinder in the bright steel fender. Then that thought came to me which comes to all watchers.—What if anything had happened to Laurence? I went to one of the windows, and pulled back the heavy wooden shutters. It was a lovely night; clear, though not moonlight, and a myriad stars gleamed in the cloudless sky. I stood at the window for some time, listening for the wheels, and watching for the lights of the phæton.

I, too, was a spoilt child; life had for me been bright and smooth, and the least thought of grief or danger to those I loved filled me with a wild panic. I turned suddenly round to Lucy, and cried out—

"Lucy! Lucy! I am getting frightened.—Suppose anything should have happened to Laurence. Those horses are wild and unmanageable sometimes. If he had taken a few glasses of wine,—if he trusted the groom to drive—if—"

She came over to me, and took me in her arms, as if I had been, indeed, a little child.

"My darling," she said, "my darling Isabel, you must not distress yourself by such fancies as these. He is only half-an-hour later than he said, and as for danger, dearest, he is beneath the shelter of Providence, without whose safeguard those we love are never secure even for a moment."

Her quiet manner calmed my agitation. I left the window, and returned shivering to the expiring fire.

"It is nearly three-quarters of an hour now, Bella, dear," she said, presently; "we must keep our promise, and as for Laurence, you will hear the phæton drive in before you go to sleep, I dare say."

I shall not go to sleep until I do hear it," I answered, as I bade her good night.

I could not help listening for the welcome sound of the carriage wheels as I crossed the hall and went up-stairs. I stopped in the corridor to look into my aunt's room; but she was fast asleep, and I closed the door as softly as I had opened it. It was as I left this room that, glancing down the corridor, I was surprised to see that there was a light in my own bed-chamber. I was prepared to find a fire there, but the light shining through the half-open door was something brighter than the red glow of a fire. I had joined Laurence in laughing at the ghost-story, but my first thought on seeing this light was of the shadow of the wretched Lady Sybil. What if I found her crouching over my hearth?

I had half a mind to go back to my aunt's room, awake her, and tell her my fears; but one moment's reflection made me ashamed of my cowardice. I went on, and pushed open the door of my room. There was no pale phantom shivering over the open hearth. There was an old-fashioned silver candlestick upon the table, and Laurence, my lover, was seated by the blazing fire; not dressed in the evening costume he had worn for the dinner-party, but wrapped in a loose gray woollen dressing-gown, and wearing a black-velvet smoking-cap upon his chestnut hair.

Without stopping to think of the strangeness of his appearance in my room; without wondering at the fact of his having entered the house unknown to either Lucy or myself; without one thought but joy and relief of mind in seeing him once more,—I ran forward to him, crying out, "Laurence, Laurence, I am so glad you have come back!"

He—Laurence, my lover, as I thought, the man, the horrible shadow, the dreadful being—rose from his chair, and snatching up some papers that lay loosely on the table by his side, crumpled them into a ball with one fierce gesture of his strong hand, and flung them at my feet; then, with a harsh dissonant laugh that seemed a mocking echo of the joyous music I loved so well, he stalked out of the door opening on the gallery. I tried to scream, but my dry lips and throat could form no sound. The oak-paneling of the room spun round, the walls and ceiling contracted, as if they had been crushing in upon me to destroy me. I fell heavily to the floor; but as I fell I heard the phæton-wheels upon the carriage-drive below, and Laurence Wendale's voice calling to the servants.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.

The first intimation of the illness of the Prince Consort was that on Tuesday, December 3rd, when it was stated that he had been suffering from a feverish cold.

The first bulletin in regard to his condition was issued on Wednesday, Dec. 11th. It stated that the Prince was suffering from a fever unattended by unfavorable symptoms. On the following day, a bulletin announced that the Prince had passed a quiet night, but his symptoms had undergone little change. A bulletin of Friday stated that his symptoms had assumed a more serious form. A bulletin issued at 9 o'clock on Saturday night was more favorable. At half-past four o'clock yesterday afternoon, a bulletin was issued as follows:—

"His Royal Highness is in a more critical state." From that hour his symptoms commenced to take a most unfavorable turn, and fever of a typhoid character set in. The Prince then continued to sink gradually until the last gleam of hope had departed, and he expired tranquilly at ten minutes to eleven o'clock."

The Queen and royal family surrounded the death-bed of the Prince.

The Observer, in announcing the lamentable event, exclaims:—"Peace to his ashes! A good husband, a good father, a wise Prince, and safe counsellor—England will not soon look upon his like again."

DEFENCES OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Governor Curtin is in Washington for the purpose of consulting with the National Government upon the military affairs of the state generally, but more particularly upon the best means of defending Pennsylvania from a foreign enemy. The Governor some time since wrote to J. G. Totten, Chief of the Engineers' Department, at Washington, requesting early information respecting the present state of the defence of the river Delaware and harbor of Erie. The reply is most satisfactory, and in substance is as follows:—

Fort Delaware is now ready to receive its entire armament, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five large guns, besides twenty flanking 24-pound howitzers.

Fort Mifflin is also ready for its entire armament, consisting of forty-seven large guns.

Besides these preparations, an application is now before Congress for a grant of money to commence a new fort opposite to Fort Delaware, and for the means of increasing the defensive capacity of Fort Mifflin, as well as completing the barracks accommodations of Fort Delaware.

With respect to Lake Erie, Congress is asked to grant a large sum of money for the purpose of providing temporary defences at such points on the northern frontier as may require them. If war comes, Pennsylvania at least will be armed and ready for the conflict.

THE GOLD FIELDS.—The diggings in British Columbia, according to a recent paper, are doing very well. The Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia are yielding handsomely at present. One is reported to have taken out a hundred ounces per day!—a pretty large pile, if the truth has not been exaggerated.

The miners are confident that Cariboo is to be the great gold field of Western America, eclipsing even California and the Rocky Mountains. The shipments to San Francisco from British Columbia this year are expected to reach four and a half million of dollars.

IT is a somewhat singular coincidence that the battle of Bull Run was fought on the 20th of July, the battle of Ball's Bluff on the 20th of October, and the battle of Drainesville on the 20th of December.

IMPORTANT FROM NEW MEXICO.

Judge Arny has arrived at Washington from New Mexico, bringing dispatches from the Federal army officers in New Mexico to the government. He reports a strong Union feeling in the territory.

Col. Canby, in command of the military department in New Mexico, has retaken Forts Craig and Stanton, on the Mesilla border, driving the Texans away, and he was at the latest dates on the way to Fort Fillmore, to dispossess the enemy of that post, which was traitorously surrendered by Col. Lynde to an inferior force of Texans. Thence he intended marching into Arizona to drive off the rebels, and having a sufficient force, there can be no doubt of his success.

The Legislature met on the 2nd. Governor Connelly, in his message, recommends active measures with reference to the Indians who have been tampered with by Albert Pike, suggesting that they be located on the reservations, and encouraged in agricultural pursuits. The Indians, for the greater part, are peaceable and friendly to the government.

Judge Arny, on his way hither, passed on the Big Bend of the Arkansas camps of the confederated tribes of the plains, consisting of about 6,000 Arrapahoes, Kiowas, Camanches, Cheyennes and Prairie Apaches. They desired him to say, when he reached Washington, that they would fight for the Great Father and the defence of the Union.

Governor Connelly has recommended to the Legislative Assembly the repeal of the slave code, enacted two years ago, and from the tone of public feeling an act for that purpose will be passed.

Kit Carson is now a colonel of a regiment of mounted rangers, south of the Rio Grande, making his headquarters at Albuquerque. Judge Arny has succeeded him as Indian agent, and is co-operating with him, using the Indians as scouts. As the Union forces advance south, the rebels retreat.

THE SUCCESSES IN MISSOURI.—Within two weeks the United States army in Missouri has captured 2,500 rebels, 70 of them commissioned officers, 1,200 horses and mules, 1,100 stand of arms, two tons of powder, 100 wagons, an immense amount of commissary stores, a large rebel cannon foundry, destroyed or captured most of the rebel craft on the Missouri river, including several ferry boats, swept clear of rebels the whole country between the Missouri and Osage rivers, and forced Price to retreat in disorder toward Arkansas. He has already reached Springfield and gone south. In these important operations we have not lost more than 100 killed and wounded. Now if Gen. Pope could only assure us that Price will be kept retreated and retreating, we shall feel satisfied.

The damage done to the North Missouri and Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroads have been much exaggerated. The repairs are rapidly being made. Ten bridge-burners have already been shot, and fifty others are in close confinement, to be summarily dealt with under Gen. Halleck's stringent orders. In a few days it is confidently expected that our moving columns will as effectually break up bridge-burning north of the Missouri as the rebellion has been crushed south of the river. No mercy will be shown to the scoundrels. Gen. Halleck's emphatic orders with reference to all bridge-burners are to shoot down every one making the attempt.

A LARGE meeting of Irishmen was recently held in Canada to tender their services to the British government; a large portion of the meeting voted "no"—and the proceedings were constantly interrupted.

THE loss of horses by the Washington fire seems to have been exaggerated. It turns out that 100 were destroyed.

British and American Naval Affairs.

Donald McKay, the celebrated American ship-builder, has sent the following letter to the Boston *Commercial Journal*:

LONDON, Dec. 3, 1861.

Editor Boston Commercial Bulletin:

I suppose it will be interesting for you to learn how far the English Government has advanced in reconstructing its fleet.

The building of any of the common class men-of-war ships has been almost entirely abandoned for the moment, and all the energies of the Government are directed exclusively on the sudden creation of a fleet of iron-cased frigates and ships.

There are afloat, by this time, the following iron-cased ships:

	Guns.	Horses.
Warrior,	40	1,250
Black Prince,	40	1,250
Defence,	22	800
Resistance,	22	800
Hector,	33	800

Of these, only the Warrior and the Black Prince have had their trial trips, on which the first named vessel realized, with all her armament, stores and provisions on board, the high speed of 14½ knots, and so exceeded the highest expectations ever entertained by her designers, Messrs. Isaac Watts and Jos. Large. On her subsequent trial at sea, in stormy weather, the ship behaved admirably, and had very easy motions. In grateful acknowledgment of the eminent service rendered to his country by the design of this most successful vessel, Mr. I. Watts has been decorated with a high Order by Her Majesty.

The Black Prince has even obtained a higher speed than the Warrior. The experiments at Shoeburyness, on the power of resistance of a section of the Warrior against shots (only finished a few days since), have plainly shown that the Warrior's sides are practically impenetrable to the heaviest shot; and this settles forever the question about the superiority of iron-cased ships over those of the old construction.

The two following iron-cased ships are building:

	Guns.	Horses.
Achilles,	80	1,250
Valiant,	33	800

The Achilles will have the same principal dimensions as the Warrior and Black Prince, but her displacement will be about 700 tons larger, and she will be cased from stem to stern.

Six other iron cased ships, of 60 guns each, are to be built, and three of them have been ordered already. One of them will be built by Laird, in Birkenhead; another by Mare, in Poplar; and the third by the Thames Iron Works. They are to be 400 feet long and 60 feet wide. Their engines will be of 1,250 horse power, and their speed is expected to be 12 to 13 knots. They will be cased either with 4½ inch iron on a teak-wood backing, or by 6½ inch iron slats without a wooden backing. Which of these systems is to be chosen, will be decided after the new series of experiments (conducted at Shoeburyness) on the resistance of iron plates to shot, shall have been completed.

In addition to these 13 iron ships, the following 5 wooden ships are rapidly building in the navy-yards, expressly designed for being armor-plated: Royal Alfred, in Portsmouth; Royal Oak, in Chatham; Caledonia, in Woolwich; Ocean, in Devonport; Triumph in Pembroke. Their principal dimensions are:—Length, 273 feet; breadth, 58 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 19 feet 10 inches; draught of water, 25 feet 9 inches; height of battery, 7 feet; burden in tons, 4,045; horse-power, 2,000. Their armament will consist of 40 guns of the heaviest calibre, and they will be iron-cased in all their lengths.

This number of eighteen iron-cased men-of-war ships, of the largest class, is to be ready for sea by the end of next year, and the capital which they represent is estimated at the enormous sum of eight million pounds sterling, or about thirty-nine millions of dollars.

The French Government will have, by the same time, afloat, about twenty iron-cased ships; and all the principal, and even minor Powers of Europe, are constructing a large number of these powerful ships.

In view of these startling facts, it becomes evident that our national fleet ought to be immediately and largely increased, so as to be prepared for any emergency. Such as our Navy is at the present moment, it ranks hardly with second-rate European Powers, and it is entirely insufficient to protect our trade and to uphold the dignity of our flag. There is no reason why we should not have a fleet as powerful as either that of England or France. We have the money, the materials, and artisans necessary to build a first-class fleet, and the best sailors to man it.

It would be easy for us to build, in one year, a fleet of 500 to 600 men-of-war ships, from a gunboat up to the largest class of iron-cased frigates. It is a well-known fact that we built, in one year, the astonishing number of 2,034 vessels and steamers, of all classes, measuring together 583,450 tons. A large number of these vessels were as large as the biggest class frigates hitherto constructed. What we have done once we may do over again, and, working at the same rate, we would be able alone in our merchant yards to turn out, in one year, 583 ships of 1,000 tons each. In our six navy-yards, where the choicest materials are stocked for building a fleet of 100 ships, 60 more men-of-war ships might be built in one year, making a total of 643 men-of-war ships, of all classes, varying in their armament from 8 to 60 guns. More than a hundred of our greatest engineering firms would complete all the machinery necessary to be put in these ships in less than a year. Our capabilities and facilities of building ships have not, in the least, suffered by the loss of the seceded states.—They never were ship-building states, and as late as 1860 they only built (combined) one full-rigged ship, while the northern states built 110 ships of the same description. That is to say, in plain words, all the seceded states combined did not build even one per cent. of the sea-going ships built in the United States.

It is true, on a very urgent occasion, in a great emergency, our country could largely increase her Navy, in a very few months, with very powerful descriptions of vessels, if they would proceed as follows:

Cut down all our line-of-battle ships one or two decks, case them with 5-inch iron plates, put a battery of 30 to 40 guns of the heaviest calibre on board of them, and moor them across the entrance of our harbors.—Plate our heavy frigates with shell-proof iron plates, and, to make up for the additional weight put into them, do away with their armament on the upper deck.

Transform one hundred of our best sea-going merchant steamers into so many frigates, sloops, dispatch and gunboats, of a speed superior to any men-of-war ships yet produced.

Among our large clipper ships and traders more than 500 may be found that are capable to be transformed into so many efficient sailing sloops and frigates. Their length varies from 230 to 300 feet; their breadth from 40 to 53 feet, and whenever they are cut down one deck, or their decks are lowered, will be found capable of carrying an armament varying from 25 to 50 heavy guns, according to their respective capacity. Twenty and thirty of our best and largest clipper ships might very well be transformed into powerful screw frigates—as, for instance, the Great Republic, which exceeds in her dimensions the largest English 50 gun frigates, while her shape for speed is incomparably superior.

The scantling of all these ships is well known to be larger than that of the best and strongest men-of-war ships of our navy.

Among the barks and brigs there are certainly 400 to 500 capable of receiving an armament of from 8 to 20 guns, and more than a thousand of our large coasting schooners that have a breadth of 28 to 30 feet and over, and a form never surpassed for speed, can in a few weeks be transformed into men-of-war schooners, armed with one pivot gun of the heaviest description in the middle, and 2 to 4 32-pounders at the ends. These vessels have a very large stability, and the scantling of their timbers, &c., is by 20 per cent. heavier than that of the common men-of-war schooners.

This fleet of about 2,000 vessels of war can (working with all the natural energy of our nation) be turned out in less time than four to six months, and it would be sufficient to protect our coast and meet the first storm.

Time would so be gained to build a fleet fit to represent our great nation, and to make our flag once more respected in all seas of the globe.

But the time is pressing, our country is surrounded by dangers on all sides, and it becomes the imperative duty of our Government and people to act with the greatest energy without delay. The times are gone when Europe could be frightened with thundering newspaper articles, and the hollow brag of ambitious politicians; we have to show now that we know how to handle engines of war, and to stand a hail of shells and balls.

A powerful fleet is the best guarantee of peace for a great maritime nation; of the truth of this principle, England—whose motto is free trade and peace with all nations—is the most striking example.

Yours, truly, DONALD MCKAY.

AN EXPLANATION.

The New York World has hit upon an ingenious and plausible excuse for the inaction of the army, which we quote:

"The large quantities of arms recently arrived in this city, and on their way hither from German ports, explain the delay in military operations which has excited so much public impatience. These arrivals combine with other facts to raise the expectation of early movements on a large scale against the enemy. Our army has attained a creditable proficiency in military drill and evolutions, but the arms in the hands of many of the regiments consist of old muskets altered to answer a temporary purpose, but of little use against an enemy supplied with the best modern arms. Soldiers cannot be expected to stand their ground unless they have confidence in their weapons. With old fashioned smooth bore muskets of short range in their hands, they would be liable to run away when they found that the enemy were doing terrible execution in their ranks and they were inflicting no injury in return. Upward of a hundred thousand of the very best arms manufactured in Europe will, in the course of a few days, be put in the hands of our soldiers in exchange for those they now carry, and immediately thereafter they will have an opportunity to exhibit their skill in using them."

THE BATTLE OF DRAINESVILLE.—LOSS OF THE REBELS.—A Union man, residing near Drainesville, came into our lines the next day with the body of Mr. W. H. Marguff, of Company B, of Kane's Rifle Regiment who was left on the field in the thicket. He was shot through the heart. This man also brought information that he had helped to bury one hundred and sixty rebels. The people of the vicinity all turned out, and were all day burying them.

The appearance of the battle field next morning was frightful. A number of the wounded had died during the night, and for one mile square bodies were found in fence corners and in fields and thickets. One man had tried to climb a fence and fell back exhausted and died. Pieces of limbs and mangled bodies were literally piled up where the battery had been planted, and the destruction caused by exploding shells was fearful.

All the arms and clothes have been gathered up. The rebel cavalry visited the scene on Sunday. General McCall sent in all his wounded to the Georgetown Hospital, in order to have them better cared for. The rebel accounts admit that the "Pennsylvania Yankees" were too much for them.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS.—But little was done in Congress last week—a quorum being seldom present. Among the resolutions was one offered by Mr. Wilson (Ind.), requesting the Committee on Military Affairs to report a bill for the enactment of an additional article of war for the government of the army, whereby all officers in the military service of the United States shall be prohibited from using any portion of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitive slaves from service or labor, and to provide for the punishment of such officers as may violate said article, by dismissal from the service.

Mr. Nesli moved to table the resolution.—Disagreed to.

The resolution was passed. Ayes 67, noes not counted.

On motion of Mr. Vandever (Iowa), the Committee on Territories was directed to inquire into the expediency of establishing Territorial Governments within the limits of the disloyal states or districts, and report by bill or otherwise.

THE MISSISSIPPI EXPEDITION.—Advices from Cairo, Ill., say:

"The preparations for the 'Great Expedition' are constantly going on, as rapidly, perhaps, as possible, but it seems to outsiders very slowly. The six iron-clad gunboats which have been so long building at Carondelet have all arrived here, but only two of them are yet equipped for service. The others are lying at the levee, some receiving their armament, and others undergoing certain alterations which most of them seem for some cause to require."

It will be three or four weeks before the Expedition will be ready.

THERE was a flurry in the New York stock market last week, caused by an impression that a suspension of extensive specie payments by the banks will precede the next large treasury negotiations.

THE United States steamship Iroquois has the privateer Sumter blockaded in the port of Cienfuegos. The United States gun-boat Flambeau was off Nassau blockading the Rebel steamers Isabel, Theodora, and two schooners laden with cotton from Charleston.

☞ A volunteer who prides himself upon the domestic arts he has learned during camp life, writes home to advise the girls not to be in a hurry to marry, for the boys will return in a short time, and the girls can get good husbands who can cook, wash and iron, and do general housework, or work in the garden, or run errands for their wives.

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1862.

MONTHS.	Sunday, 1st Day.	Monday, 2d Day.	Tuesday, 3d Day.	Wednesday, 4th Day.	Thursday, 5th Day.	Friday, 6th Day.	Saturday, 7th Day.
JANUARY, 1st Month.	5	6	7	1	2	3	4
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	1
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
MARCH, 3d Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
APRIL, 4th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	1	2	3
MAY, 5th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JUNE, 6th Month.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
JULY, 7th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	1	2
AUGUST, 8th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
OCTOBER, 10th Month.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
DECEMBER, 12th Month.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			

NEWS ITEMS.

The resolutions in relation to the accession of Maryland to the confederacy have been modified by the Richmond Congress in secret session, so as to declare, that no peace ought to be concluded with the United States which does not insure Maryland an opportunity of forming a part of the Confederacy.

It is now necessary to have Acts of Congress enrolled on skins of parchment before they are signed, which takes some time, and causes a deal of unnecessary delay at the close of the sessions. Senator Sumner has introduced a bill dispensing with this relic of feudal customs, and providing for the simple copying of Acts in a fair hand, on linen paper, which will be far easier to preserve for reference than are the cumbersome rolls of parchment.

The British and American vessels, generally, in port, had their colors at half-mast on the 24th, on account of the death of Prince Albert.

Somebody has furnished all our contrabands at Fortress Monroe with spelling-books and primers, and "sich a spellin'" and "sich a readin'" as is in progress is really astonishing.

St. Louis, Dec. 24.—About a thousand of the rebel prisoners taken by General Pope arrived here at a late hour last night, and were allowed to remain in the cars until this morning, when they were escorted by their capturers, under Col. Davis, to Dr. McDowell's Medical College, where they will be taken care of for the present.

Despatches received at St. Louis, state that the command sent against Lexington by Gen. Pope, burned the two ferry boats in the possession of the rebels, and destroyed the iron foundry at that place which had been employed in casting cannon. Two captains, one lieutenant, and several horses were captured.

From the Indian country comes news that the red warriors are rapidly deserting the cause of rebellion, and thousands of them are now found in the Union ranks, well armed and anxious to be led to battle.

A lady writes from Savannah that when our troops landed at Hilton Head, a slave owner at Beaufort took ten of his slaves who refused to flee with him, to the back yard, and *deliberately shot every one of them.*

The skirmish at Fortress Monroe was a very slight affair. Two companies of the New York 20th took part in it. Ten rebels were killed, among them an officer. A company of negroes was engaged in the fight.

Two hundred and forty-nine prisoners of war arrived on the 22d at Fortress Monroe, from Boston, to be exchanged, and were sent on, with letters and supplies, to Richmond. It is believed that their exchanges will be made up from the Bull Run prisoners, who have been so long in bondage.

Arms.—It is estimated that nearly a quarter of a million of arms have been brought to this country during the past four months by the Hamburg line of steamships. Besides these, a large amount of war material, including infantry and cavalry equipments, have been imported from Europe. During the four or five months past, the Bremen line has undoubtedly brought a hundred and fifty thousand stand, besides equipments.

Gen. Scott arrived in the Arago.

The Hon. A. B. Ely has been released in exchange for Mr. Faulkner. After a brief visit to headquarters at Fortress Monroe he took passage for Baltimore.

The advance guard of General Sherman's army at Port Royal, consisting of a battalion of the 48th regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, under Col. Welsh, have advanced and taken possession of Fenwick Island, extending our lines to the south bank of the South Edisto river, thirty-five miles from Charleston.

In accordance with orders from General Halleck, the Provos Marshal General at St. Louis has directed that sixteen slaves confined in the St. Louis county jail, and advertised for sale under the state statute, be released from prison, and be placed under the control of the chief quartermaster of this department, for labor, till further orders—the said slaves being the property of rebels, and having been used for insurrectionary purposes.

The brig Empire, chartered and loaded with an assorted cargo at Boston, ten days since, by Capt. G. W. Pousland, clears with government permission as the first trade ship for Port Royal. Capt. Pousland expects to realize a small fortune from the sale of his valuable cargo.

The rebel Congress has appropriated about $80,000,000 for the army, and about $4,000,000 for the navy, and Jeff. Davis has approved the bill.

BLACK FREEMASONRY.

The following statements are taken from Leland's Continental Magazine. The writer travelled extensively through South Carolina just before the passage of the secession ordinance by that state, and he asserts in the most positive manner that he has not exaggerated nor distorted in the least the scenes that met his eye. He declares that there exists among the slaves a secret and wide-spread organization of a masonic character, having its grip, password, and oath. It has, he says, various grades of leaders, who are competent and earnest men, and its ultimate object is freedom. He had with him an intelligent negro servant, and was on his way to visit a rich planter. Not far from the house he was met by the carriage of his host, in which was the body servant of the planter. The interview between the two negroes, and its results, are thus described:—

"Jim, this is Scip," I said, seeing that the darkeys had taken no notice of each other.

"How d'ye do, Scipio?" said Jim, extending his hand to him. A look of singular intelligence passed over the faces of the two negroes as their hands met; it vanished in an instant, and was so slight that none but a close observer would have detected it. But some words that Scip had previously let drop put me on the alert, and I felt sure it had a hidden significance.

"Won't you get into de carriage, massa?" inquired Jim.

"No, thank you, Jim; I'll ride on with Scip. Our horse is jaded, and you had better go ahead."

Jim mounted the driver's seat, turned the carriage, and drove off at a brisk pace to announce our coming at the plantation, while Scip and I rode on at a slower gait.

"Scip, did you know Jim before?" I asked.

"Neber seed him afore, massa, but hab heern of him."

"How is it that you have lived in Georgetown for five years, and he only seventy miles off, and you never have seen him?"

"I could hab seed him, massa, good many time, ef I'd liked, but darkeys hab to be careful."

"Careful of what?"

"Careful ob who dey knows; good many bad niggas 'bout."

"Pshaw, Scip, you're 'coming de possum;' that game won't work with me. There isn't a better nigger than Jim in all South Carolina. I know him well."

"Perhaps he am; reckon he *am* a good enuff nigga."

"Good enough nigga, Scip! Why, I tell you he's a splendid fellow; just as true as steel. He's been North with the Colonel often, and the abolitionists have tried to get him away; he knew he could go, but wouldn't budge an inch."

"I knew he wouldn't," said the darkey, a pleasurable gleam passing through his eyes; "dat sort don't run; dey face de music!"

"Why don't they run? What do you mean?"

"Nuffin', massa—only dey'd rather stay har."

"Come, Scip, you've played this game long enough. Tell me, now, what that look you gave each other when you shook hands meant."

"What look, massa? Oh! I s'pose 'twar cause we'd both *heerd* ob each other afore!"

"'Twas more than that, Scip. Be frank; you know you can trust me."

"Wal, den, massa," he replied, adding, after a short pause, "de ole woman called you a Yankee—you can guess."

"If I should guess, 'twould be that it meant mischief."

"It don't mean mischief, sar," said the darkey, with a tone and air that would not have disgraced a cabinet officer; "it only mean right and justice."

"It means that there is some secret understanding between you."

"I told you, massa," he replied, relapsing into his usual manner, "dat de blacks am all Freemasons. I give Jim de grip, and he know'd me. He'd ha' known my name ef you hadn't tole him."

"Why would he have known your name?"

"'Cause I gabe de grip dat tole me."

"Why did he call you Scipio? I called you Scip."

"Oh! de darkeys all do dat. Nobody but de white folks call me Scip. I can't say no more, massa; I shud break de oath ef I did."

"You have said enough, Scipio, to satisfy me that there is a secret league among the blacks, and that you are a leader in it. Now I tell you, you'll yet yourself into a scrape. I've taken a great liking to you, Scip, and I should be very sorry to see you run yourself into danger."

"I tank you, massa—from de bottom ob my soul I tank you," he said, as the tears moistened his eyes. "You berry kind, massa; it do be good to talk with you. But what am my life wuth? Wuut am any slave's life wuth? Ef you war me, you'd do like me!"

I could not deny it, and made no reply.

The writer of this article is aware that he is here making an important statement, and one that may be called in question by those persons who are accustomed to regard the Southern blacks as only reasoning brutes. The great mass of them *are* but a little above the brutes in their habits and instincts, but a large body are on a par, except in mere book education, with their white masters.

The conversation above recorded is *verbatim et literatim*, true. It took place at the time indicated, and was taken down, as were other conversations recorded in these papers, within twenty-four hours after its occurrence. The name and the locality only, I have, for very evident reasons, disguised.

The same writer has the following in relation to the Knights of the Golden Circle:—

This latter organization, which was instituted by John C. Calhoun, William L. Porcher, and others, as far back as 1835, has for its sole object the dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a Southern Empire—Empire is the word, not Confederacy or Republic—and it was solely by means of its secret but powerful machinery that the southern states were plunged into revolution, in defiance of the will of the majority of their voting population.

Nearly every man of influence at the South (and many a pretended Union man at the North) is a member of this organization, and sworn, under the penalty of assassination, to labor, "in season and out of season, by fair means and by foul, at all times, and on all occasions," for the accomplishment of its object. The blacks are bound together by a similar oath, and only bide their time.

The knowledge of the real state of political affairs, which the negroes have acquired through this organization, is astonishingly accurate; their leaders possess every essential of leadership, except, it may be, military skill, and they are fully able to cope with the whites.

The negro whom I call Scipio, on the day when Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie, and before he or I knew of that event, which set all South Carolina in a blaze, breathed to me the breaking out of this war in Charleston harbor, and confidently predicted that it would result in the freedom of the slaves.

The knowledge of this organization I acquired by gaining the confidence of some of the blacks, who knew me to be a Northern man, and supposed I sympathized with them. Having acquired it in that manner, I could not communicate it; but now, when our troops have landed in South Carolina, and its existence is sure to be speedily developed, no harm can result from this announcement.

The fact of its existing is not positively known (for the black is more subtle and crafty than anything human,) but is suspected by many of the whites; the more moderate of whom are disposed to ward off the impending blow by some system of gradual emancipation—declaring all black children born after a certain date free—or by some other action that will pacify and keep down the slaves. These persons, however, are but a small minority, and possess no political power.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara's dates are to the 16th.

It is intimated that about twelve thousand troops will be sent to Canada. Two battalions of the Guards were expected to sail on the 18th, in the Adriatic and Parana. No cavalry or horse artillery will be dispatched for Canada till spring.

The Paris correspondent of the London Globe says that M. Thouvenel's dispatch to M. Mercier is known to have confined the Federal Executive to the simple dilemma—Are the Southerners Belligerents or Rebels? They have been flatly refused any rights in the first capacity, and in the second the right of asylum acquired by political refugees has been set at naught, and France must make the case of the Trent substantially her own.

The Times says that England asks nothing from America but that she shall abstain from actual outrage, or, that if it is committed, that she shall make reasonable reparation. If not, the alternative will not come in the desired form of protracted negotiation.

The London Herald takes strong ground against the argument of the London News in favor of arbitration. It says that negotiation cannot be listened to while Mason and Slidell are detained prisoners.

The Sheffield Foreign Affairs Committee had petitioned Government to visit its high displeasure on Capt. Moir and Commander Williams, for having, in the Trent affair, violated the Queen's proclamation, and thereby show to America that England's neutrality is strict and impartial.

Gen. Scott's sudden return home was the theme of much speculation. It was generally reported that he had some sort of mission from the French Government to the Washington Cabinet.

The Herald's Paris correspondent says Gen. Scott had a long interview with M. Thouvenel before his departure.

The general impression in financial circles was that he carried out a momentous communication from the French Government.

The Times accumulates evidence of a long-cherished intention on the part of Mr. Seward to do England an injury.

The preparations are represented as on a scale which would have astonished people in anti-Crimean times.

The general belief is that Gen. Scott has gone back with the intention of enlightening the Washington Cabinet as to the ideas of the French Government. He is doubtless acquainted with the opinions of the Emperor, and that it is not favorable to President Lincoln's policy. General Scott will probably convince his countrymen that they cannot count on the moral support of France.

Something is also said of his being charged to propose the mediation of the French Government.

Commander Williams, R. N., who was in charge of the mails on board the Trent, was entertained at dinner by the Royal Western Yacht Club.

He gave an account of the affair with the San Jacinto, differing in almost every detail with the accounts published in the American journals.

English ship-owners were adopting a system for their outward bound vessels to communicate to passing English ships that there was a prospect of war with the United States. They had also resolved to form a society for mutual assurance against war risks.

The united prayer meeting at Exeter Hall took place on the 12th instant, as announced. Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and other ministers participated in the proceedings, and fervent prayers were offered up for peace.

Lord Shaftesbury declined to attend the meeting, stating, in his reply to an invitation to do so, that it would be interpreted by the bulk of the press and the Americans as a cloaked rebuke to the British government, and favor the opinion that the country was not united in this serious question. He commended the purpose of the meeting, but thought it would be better carried into effect by private and congregational means.

At a meeting of the Congregational Board resolutions were adopted deprecating hostilities, and calling for arbitration, if diplomacy fails to secure peace.

It was asserted that Prince Napoleon continued to argue against the recognition of the southern states, and that he was instrumental in causing Gen. Scott to go to Washington.

The Joint Committee of both Houses to inquire into the conduct of the war, are holding daily sessions. They have had before them Generals McDowell, Heintzleman and Franklin. The Committee are trying to get at the cause of the Bull-Run disaster, and where the responsibility belongs. They intend also to institute a rigid inquiry into the Ball's Bluff disaster.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little export demand. The sales of Flour reach 11,000 @ 12,000 bbls, mostly western and extra family at $5,75@6 for common to good and choice brands, including 5000 bbls do, and 3000 bbls City mills do. on private terms. Extra at $5,62½@5,75, and superfine at $5,25@5,50 ₱ bbl., the market closing very dull. The sales to trade have been limited within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to 6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling in a small way only at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce but quiet at $3 for Pennsylvania.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and prices, under a limited demand both for shipment and milling, are fully 5c ₱ bushel lower, with sales of about 35,000 bushels to note at $1,30@1,35 for good and prime Pennsylvania reds, closing at the former rate in store; $1,35 for southern do afloat, and $1,37@1,45 for white, as in quality. Rye is also lower, and 6000 or 7000 bushels sold at 70@73c for Pennsylvania, and 65c for Delaware. Corn comes in more freely, and prime dry new yellow is better, with sales of some 45,000 bushels at 58@60c, as to condition, the latter afloat, including white at 55@57c; old and new mixed at 59@60c, and old yellow at 64@65½c, the latter in store, which is a decline. Oats are dull, and only about 20,000 bushels found buyers at 35c for southern, and 38@40c for Pennsylvania. Barley and Malt remain inactive.

PROVISIONS continue dull and unsettled, and a limited business doing in most lines at about previous quotations. Mess Pork ranges at $12@13, and Mess Beef at $10@14 ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off slowly at 6@8c for Hams, 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 5½@6c for Sides, and the demand limited. Of green Meats the sales are also limited at 5@6c for Hams, 5@5½c for Sides, and 3¾@4½c for Shoulders. Lard is inactive, with further small receipts and sales at 8½@9c for tcs and bbls, and 9@9½c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is dull, Roll selling slowly at 13@15c, and packed at 8@10c. Cheese is unchanged, and quoted at 7½@8½c ₱ lb. Eggs are lower, and worth 17c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues unsettled and weak, and only some 300 bales found buyers, mostly South American, at 32@33c, cash, as in quality. The stock on sale is very light, but holders generally are more anxious to sell. 291 bales have arrived from Port Royal this week for government account.

ASHES are firm and on the advance, with a limited business doing in the way of sales.

BARK—There is some demand for Quercitron, but generally at a price below the views of holders, and only about 80 hhds 1st No 1 have been taken at $30 ₱ ton, at which rate it is freely offered. Tanners' Bark is quiet, and prices about the same.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and good Yellow readily commands 33c ₱ lb.

COAL—The demand for shipment is nearly over, with but few orders coming in, and prices are not so firm as previously noted. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,30@3,40; Prepared do $3,35@3,45; Red Ash do $3,40@3,60; Lehigh Lump do $3,62; Prepared do $3,62; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—The market is better, and holders are asking an advance on previous quotations, with sales of some 1600 bags to notice, mostly from second hands, at 18½@20½c for Rio, 20@23c for Laguayra, and 18½@19c for St. Domingo, cash and time.

COPPER continues firm at the advance. We quote Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 22c, on time, and a moderate business doing in the latter.

FEATHERS are but little inquired for and dull at 35@38c ₱ lb for Western, the latter for prime lots.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate at $2½@3¼ for Green Apples, and $7@10½ ₱ bbl, for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is inactive. Apples selling at 4@6c, and Peaches at 6@9c ₱ lb as in quality, the latter for unpared halves.

HAY is in steady demand, Timothy selling at from 65 to 75c ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little stock in first hands, and the only sale which has come under our notice is 100 bales Jute, on private terms.

HOPS meet with a limited demand within the range of 20@22c for good Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a good demand for both Pig and Manufactured Iron at fully former rates, with some further sales at very full prices, including about 2000 tons Anthracite No 1, mostly at $19½, cash. Of Scotch Pig sales are reported of all in first hands at equal to $31 ₱ ton.

LEAD continues firm at the advance, but with little or nothing doing.

LUMBER—The active season is over, and there is little or nothing doing. Some further sales of Yellow Sap Boards are reported at $14, and Staves on terms we did not learn.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet, with small sales of Cuba at full prices, and Syrup at 31@33c, cash and time.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering or selling, and we quote soft nominally at $2,25 ₱ ton.

RICE—The stock is light, and holders are firm, and asking 7@7¼c ₱ lb, but there is little or nothing doing in the way of sales.

SALTPETRE—The demand has fallen off, and crude is offered at 15c, without finding buyers.

SEEDS—The market for Cloverseed is unsettled and lower. Buyers are holding off, and a few small lots only have been disposed of at $4@4,50 ₱ bus, the former from first hands. Prime Seed is held at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is also quiet, and Flaxseed scarce at $2,10 ₱ bus. A sale of Calcutta Linseed is reported at $2,40 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy and Gin is limited, and the market firm. N. E. Rum is steady. Whiskey is unchanged, bbls selling at 20@20½c, drudge 19½c, and hhds at 20c.

SUGAR—The stock is light, and the market firm but quiet, with a few small sales of Cuba to note at 8½@8¾c, and 2,700 bags Brazil at 7¾c, on time.

TALLOW is unchanged, and we quote city at 9½@9½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is firm but quiet, with but little stock in first hands.

WOOL—There is an active inquiry for the low and medium grades, sales to some extent having been made at 55@58c, the latter for Kersey Wool. Foreign has also sold freely within the range of 50@60c, including some large lots Peruvian at 48c. Fine Wools are held firmly, but without much doing in the way of sales.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1163 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ₱ lb. 50 Cows were sold at from $20 to 35 ₱ head. 1600 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 3½c to 4½c ₱ lb, cwt. 1850 Hogs brought from $4,50 to 5,00 ₱ cwt, net.

INTERESTING TO VOLUNTEERS.—An important article in the outfit of a soldier is a good medicine in a convenient form. The Pain Killer answers fully these requisitions, and no medicine we know of is so well adapted to the wants of a soldier under all circumstances. It is almost a specific in camp diarrhœa, and is excellent for rheumatism brought on by exposure or fatigue.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 24th, by the Rev. B. Watson, Edward W. Gould, to Eliza A. daughter of the late R. Penn Smith, Esq.

Dec. 19th, by the Rev. Robt. C. Matlack, Rector of the Church of Nativity, Mr. Joseph E. Dickinson, to Miss Fannie T. Liebe, both of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. W. W. Taylor, Thomas Pole, to Miss Maria A. Bonfield, both of this city.

On the 11th of Dec. 1861, by the Rev. W. B. Wood, Mr. Samuel Claib, to Miss Maggie Coulter, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Perry Hall, Mr. James Brown, to Miss Sallie Davis, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. T. B. Furnley, Pastor of Asbury M. E. Church, Mr. J. Henry Murphy, to Miss Sallie S. Listen.

On Saturday, Dec. 21st, by the Rev. J. Miller, Mr. Wilfred H. Harned, of this city, to Miss Rebecca Schenzer, of Annville, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, John McAllister, Esq. in his 73d year.

Of pneumonia, on the 21st ultimo, Madame Laura L. Dugen.

On the morning of the 21st ultimo, Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, D. D. in his 59th year.

On 5th-day, 19th ultimo, Joseph B. Cooper, in his 68th year.

On the 20th of Dec. Ann Verree, widow of the late Jos. Cooper, in her 73d year.

On Friday, Dec. 20th, 1861, Abraham Wistar Sharpless, in his 53d year.

On the 20th ultimo, of consumption, Mary L. Stackhouse, in her 34th year.

On 1st-day, 23d ultimo, Mary R. wife of David Foulke, in her 70th year.

Dec. 22d, 1861, in Prince Ann, New Jersey, William M. Scott, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Chicago, Illinois.

On the 18th ultimo, Emma Lyons, wife of Mr. Wm. Lyons, in her 46th year.

On the 21st ultimo, Margaret, wife of Wm. Reilly, in her 37th year.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

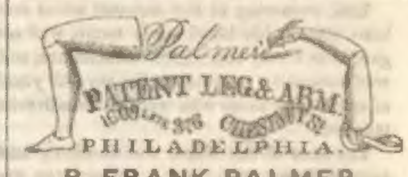
HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne & Son's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-1f



B. FRANK PALMER,

Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Phila'a.—1609.

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Wit and Humor.

RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING

OR,

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

BY McARONE.

On a fine morning in the lovely month of December, as the sun rose above the misty tops of the mountains that line the Potomac, a young officer might have been seen emerging from his tent in the camp of the Eleventh Pontoons.

But it was no common tent.

It had cross-halls, a piazza, a wine-cellar, and a stove with a rifled stove-pipe, to make the smoke shoot straight.

Nor was this young officer a common young officer.

Scarcely forty-three, he had already won the proudest laurels of the gory field, and a black eye attested the blind fury of his valor. In cold weather, he was always to be found where the fire was hottest. He was arrayed in a fine blue uniform, brass-mounted, and wore yellow gloves, a red coat, scarlet trowsers, a green cap, and a chaw of tobacco in either cheek. His loins were girded up for battle; fire sat upon his lip; death upon his sword; his neck was clothed with thunder, and his breath smelled of onions.

His father had been an Indian, and his mother a Dutchman, but as both had petitioned Legislature to allow them to become natives of the M. E. Church, he claimed to be a Portuguese of the *sang azur*, and his name was Senhor Don Rantanquero de Boom-jing-jing. He was seven feet high in his socks, weight, two hundred and eighty pounds, Troy weight—he weighed more in Albany—and had a good common-school education.

His manners were polished, some; his warhorse was fleet as the wind; he had suffered a good deal with rheumatism, and knew Dr. Watts's Juvenile Poems by heart. In battle, he was awful. He wielded a Scottish claymore longer than himself, and a brace of double-back-action revolvers, presented him by the celebrated Gun-Maker of Moscow.

Thus much for our hero.

"Glorianna—beautiful Glorianna!" murmured he; "maiden of the blue hair and curly teeth, how have I dreamed of thee, this night!"

He turned, and saw a slave in crimson velvet approaching.

"Ho, minion!" he exclaimed, "bring shaving water, and order breakfast."

All through the heavy watches of the purple night, while the lilies lay, immobile as planets, on the shoeny bosom of the tidal waves, and the odor-fainting tom-tom sang exuberant to the sleepy, juice-laden cream-tufts of the white magnolia.

But no; Miss Prescott has a copyright on all that sort of thing.

All night, let me say, then, quite plainly, while Don Rantanquero dreamed of his love, Glorianna, she sat in her bower on Pennsylvania Avenue, and gazed afar out over the murky shades of Washington, to where the lurid camp-fires of the brave Eleventh Pontoons hurled back an angry glare upon the heavens. As day broke, she could see by the dawn's early light, the Star-Spangled Banner, that was so proudly hailed at the last beaming of the twilight; although during the night the red glare of the rocket and the bombs bursting in air, had given proof that the flag was still there.

"Long May it Wave!"
[*Aldrich.*]

"Oh, Rantanquero!—oh, my love!" cried the maiden, rubbing her left ear, "how long must we dwell in loneliness apart?"

This, occurring at the moment when our hero uttered his loved one's name, was regarded as a very remarkable coincidence, and was frequently referred to for several years afterward, by those who were curious in such manners.

The door of the bower was suddenly and angrily thrust open, and a young man entered.

"What in thunder are you calling that feller your 'love' for?" said this young man.

He was a disagreeable person, who, being rich, was to marry Glorianna. She didn't want him for a husband, but her father was obdurate. He was a tough old cuss.

"Avaunt, base villain!" cried Glorianna; "I loathe thee. By heaven, I swear it! Unhand me! Death before dishonor! Ha, ha!"

"Who's a techin' of yer?" asked the rich villain, whose name was Peter.

At this moment the sullen roar of distant cannon was heard, some miles off.

"Go," exclaimed the maiden; "your country calls! Who but a poltroon would linger, when the deep-voiced cannon speaks? Why tarry here in ease and luxury?"

"I do' know," replied Peter; "I don't seem to keer much about this war."

The peerless beauty cast upon him a gaze of withering scorn, that made his hair sizzle, and blistered his nose a little.

"Don't get riled," said he.

"Go, then, and win a name in the field of blood and glory."

"Not any."

"Leave me!"

"Not till you promise to forget your foolish passion for Don Rantanquero."

"Desecrate not that name with your sordid breath!" cried Glorianna, and her eyes flashed so that a neighboring rooster thought it was sunrise, and began to crow.

"I will have his blood!" roared Peter.

Glorianna wept. She wept a good deal.

Peter drew a jewel-hilted poignard from the bosom of his dressing-gown, and brandished it in the air.

"Ere one hour has elapsed," said he, "this we'p'n shall drink at the fountain of his heart!"

The reader will observe that this young man used imperfect language. The reason was that he was uneducated. He was born of poor but honest parents, and had made his fortune by writing for the religious papers.

He started to leave the room, but Glorianna clung to him.

"Stay—stay," she sobbed; "take not so dear, so noble a life."

"I'll bat you in the eye," remarked he, "ef you don't let go o' me."

She sank in a swoon and a corner.

Half-an-hour later, Peter stood in the tent of Senhor Don Rantanquero de Boom-jing-jing. That mighty warrior lay on a sofa asleep. The brandy he had taken at breakfast was a little too much for him.

With stealthy movement, Peter drew near, and raising his glittering dirk high in the air, down it came with an unerring aim and frightful force!

Let us draw a veil over this sad scene.—*Vanity Fair.*

THE MINISTER AND THE BUMBLE-BEES.

"Mississippi rejoices in the possession of the rude talents that distinguish a backwoods preacher known as 'Uncle Bob.'

"On one occasion 'Uncle Bob' went to minister to the spiritual wants of some 'brethren' who convened semi-occasionally at a little out-of-the-way church known by the very classic name of 'Coon Tail.' Inspirited by a crowded house, Uncle Bob turned himself loose in his most tragic style. He beat, stamped, and vociferated terribly. For some time previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of 'bumble bees' had built a nest beneath. Uncle Bob's peculiar mode of conducting the services had disturbed the insects; and just as he was executing one of his most tremendous gestures an enraged bee met him half way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose. He stopped short, gave sundry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a half-suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far corner of the house. Turning toward them with ill-concealed rage, he exclaimed, 'No laughing in the house of God; I allow no laughing in my meetings. I'll thrash the first man that laughs as soon as service is over!' This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the bees, and soon warmed up at a two forty lick. But again, in the midst of the most impassioned gesticulation, a bee struck him full in the forehead; he bowed, dodged, and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter rose from the congregation. Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage and disgust, and then shouted, 'Meetin's dismissed! Go home! Just go home, every one of you! But as for me [taking off his coat,] I don't leave this hill as long as there's a bumble-bee about the house!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Easy Tooth-Pulling Illustrated.—Before the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. "Stop," cried the dentist, "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen, to show you Cartwright's method of operating!" Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. "Now don't be impatient, that is Dumerge's way; be seated and calm, you will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now, pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it, and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "That is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge, and Parkinson.

A Sailor in Command.—The routine of camp life is full of bright as well as of stiff colors. A correspondent of a paper writing from Camp Scott, relates that Capt. Mitchell, of the Union rifles, formerly captain of a revenue cutter, wished his men to file to the right, and, forgetting the regular order, sung out—

"Starboard, boys! I don't know what in thunder you call it on land!"

The file leader being a sailor, the command was duly obeyed.

The Schoolmistress at Home.—"My dear boy," said a kind-hearted country schoolmistress to an unusually promising scholar, whose quarter was about up—"my dear boy, does your father design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of the professions, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery field of literature?" "No, marm," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatur patch."

Oysters and Their Ages.—A London oyster-man can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster-shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining a great age.

CHRISTMAS SCENES.

Excited Juvenile.—"Oh, uncle dear, do dance with me—it's only a galop!"

How a Drunken Lover Looks.—In a "Life for a Life," the authoress thus truthfully describes it:—"I have been thinking how horrible it must be to see anybody one cares for, drunk—the honest eyes dull and meaningless; the wise lips jabbering foolishness; the whole face and figure, instead of being what one likes to look at, takes pleasure to see in the same room even, growing ugly, irrational, disgusting—more like a beast than a man. Yet some women have to bear it, have to speak kindly to their husbands, hide their brutishness and keep them from making worse fools of themselves than they can help. I have seen it done, not merely by working men's wives, but lady-wives in drawing-rooms. I think if I were married, and saw my husband the least overcome by liquor, not "drunk" it may be, but just excited, silly, otherwise than his natural self, it would nearly drive me wild. Less on my own account than his. To see him sink—not for a great crime, but a contemptible, cowardly bit of sensualism—from the height where my love had placed him; to have to take care of him, to pity him—ay, and I might pity him—but I think the full glory and passion of my love would die out, then and there, forever.

Absurd People.—Chas. F. Browne, in a recent lecture, related an anecdote of a man who borrowed a watch while attending the funeral of his wife. The afflicted man took it from his pocket often, and on returning from the obsequies remarked, "It was just twenty minutes after three when we got her in." This point of the lecture was illustrated by another anecdote. A widow rushed out of a room in a supposed-to-be state of distraction, when she said to the mourners in waiting to attend the funeral of her husband, "Just wait a minute till I get on my things, and we will start right along." A man in New York, at a statue gallery, asked if "those Cupids would not look better with trowsers on?" Of this stamp of absurd people was also the man who inquired if the Siamese twins were brothers. In this city, some years ago, when the panorama of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was on exhibition, a man entered and wanted to know if Mr. Bunyan was in? The lady who asked of the showman if she could go in without paying, received as a reply that she might pay without going in.

Early Influences.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh, young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind and heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked! but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on itself.—*Dr. Oldham, at Greystones.*

☞ A housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using his tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant entered. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

☞ Garrick's Size.—When Foote was about to produce a play by puppets, a lady of fashion asked him if the figures were to be as large as life. "Oh, no, madame," replied Sam, "not much bigger than Garrick."

☞ "Will you marry me, miss?" "No, indeed, you are too funny for my taste; I can take a jest, but not a jester."

☞ We are told to weigh our thoughts; most men and women would need a very small pair of scales.

☞ A beauty is apt to find no fault with her eyes, cheeks, or lips, but she upbraids her hair.

What is Needed.—We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more outdoor exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can furnish, purer milk than distilleries can manufacture; our children need more romping and less study. Our men need more quiet, and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel.

☞ At a training down east, after an order was given to "return ramrods," one of the soldiers broke from the line, and was off at full split. "Hallo!" bawled the commanding officer, "where are you going?" "Down to Squire Muggins, to return the ramrod I borrowed of him. You said, 'Return ramrods.'"

Agricultural.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.

At the late agricultural meeting at St. Gallen, in Switzerland, Baron von Tschudi, the celebrated Swiss naturalist, dwelt on the important services of birds in the destruction of insects. Without birds, said he, no agriculture and vegetation are possible. They accomplish in a few months the profitable work of destruction which millions of human hands could not do half so well in as many years; and the sage therefore blamed, in very severe terms, the foolish practice of shooting and destroying birds, which prevails more especially in Italy, recommending, on the contrary, the process of alluring birds into gardens and cornfields.

Among the most deserving birds he counts swallows, finches, titmice, redtails, &c. The naturalist then cites numerous instances in support of his assertion. In a flower-garden of one of his neighbors, three tall rose-trees had suddenly been covered with about 2,000 tree-lice. At his recommendation a marsh-titmouse was located in the garden, which in a few hours consumed the whole brood, and left the roses perfectly clean. A redtail in a room was observed to catch about 900 flies in an hour. A couple of night-swallows have been known to destroy a whole swarm of gnats in fifteen minutes. A pair of golden-crested wrens carry insects as food to their nestlings upon an average thirty-six times in an hour. For the protection of orchards and woods, titmice are of invaluable service.—They consume, in particular, the eggs of the dangerous pine-spiders. One single female of such spiders frequently lays from 600 to 800 eggs, twice in the summer season, while a titmouse with her young ones consume daily several thousands of them. Wrens, nuthatches, and woodpeckers often dexterously fetch from the crevices of tree-bark numbers of insects for their nestlings. In 1848 an immense swarm of caterpillars, of the well-known genus *Bombax dispar*, had destroyed all the tree leaves in the orchard of Count Casitous Wadzibi, who observed the stems and branches coated, as it were, with a heavy crust of millions of eggs, surrounded by a hairy skin. He employed scores of hands to scrape them off, but to no avail, and the trees were about to decay.—Luckily, towards the winter, numerous flights of titmice and wrens frequented that part, and it was soon perceived that the nests of the caterpillars were visibly diminishing. In the spring time about twenty pairs of titmice made their nests in the garden, and in the course of the summer they had cleared the trees of all the caterpillars.

M. Tschudi considers sparrows to be very useful birds, as one single pair usually carry to their nest every day about 300 caterpillars, an advantage that amply compensates for the cherries the birds steal in the garden.—Owls also consume, morning and evening, vast numbers of wood insects. Some species of birds, such as starlings, jackdaws, rooks, jays, and speckled magpies, are distinguished for destroying maybugs or cockchafers. White, of Selborne, who devoted some time to the observation of the movements of a pair of common barn owls, found, among other things, that they often carried to their nest a mouse every five minutes; while another pair of great owls had carried to their nest in one evening in June no less than eleven mice. Most of the smaller birds feed, either entirely or partially, especially during the hatching season, on insects, worms, snails, spiders, &c.; so do also hedge-sparrows, woodpeckers, thrushes, fly-catchers (*Muscicapæ*), wagtails, larks, &c.

Without these useful birds, obnoxious insects would increase in such masses as to become a permanent plague in Europe, and destroy all fruit and vegetation, like the locusts in the East; and the farmer, in balancing the gain and loss accruing from these useful birds, ought to consider the latter in the light of domestic servants, whose cost of keeping is amply repaid by their services.—*English Periodical.*

ICE HOUSES.

We have recently made some experiments with ventilating ice-houses, showing the great advantage of admitting *warm air* to the sawdust which covers the ice at the top. A house, with double walls filled with sawdust, received last winter its usual supply of ice; and the upper door through which the ice was passed, carefully closed. It was found this summer to be rapidly melting. The door was opened, and the melting ceased. This has been since repeated, and invariably with the same results. When the door is closed, and the air above the ice thus enclosed, becomes cold, the ice sinks away; when it is opened, and air admitted freely from the outside, the melting ceases. This will perhaps be accounted for in different ways by different persons, but the true explanation is probably this: when the door is closed, the air above the ice is reduced in temperature, and as a necessary consequence, becomes heavier and sinks or forces its way downward through the sawdust. Its temperature being above freezing, (although much below that of the common air,) it carries a constant stream of warmth to the ice and melts it. When the door is thrown open, and the air outside freely admitted to blow over it, this air cannot become cooled, and does not sink, and the ice is unharmed.

We have many inquiries from our correspondents why their ice melts away so rapidly. As a general answer, we might say, you take too much pains in building tight ice-houses. *We never see ice keep better than in a board shanty.* The air must blow freely over the top of the sawdust, and this shanty was open all around. A rough floor admitted free drainage; about eight inches of sawdust was spread evenly over this floor: the ice was then built up in square blocks, leaving about eight inches around next to the siding of the shanty, which was filled and *packed in* as the structure of ice went up; and lastly the top was covered with about eight inches of sawdust. This was the whole process. The ice kept perfectly: was used all last summer and about two tons, which was left over, was thrown out last winter, when the building was refilled. A thickness of eight inches of packed sawdust may be regarded as a perfect non-conductor of heat, for all practical purposes—perhaps six inches would do, if fine and evenly packed. If not packed, it may have cavities or orifices, and admit enough warm air to melt the whole.—*Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

To Clean White Marble Mantles.—Brush them well with a brush, such as painters use, daily, and wipe with a soft, dry towel. If soiled, dip a sponge in clean warm water and wash it, drying with a soft towel. To clean the carved part, wet a sponge with pumice stone, and gently rub on, washing off with pure water, drying with a towel; for the interstices, use a stick covered with a towel.

To Wash Oil Cloth.—Oil cloth may be made to have a fresh new appearance, by washing it every month with a solution of sweet milk with the white of 1 beaten egg. Soap, in time, injures oil cloth. A very little "boiled oil" freshens up an oil cloth; very little must be used, and rubbed in with a rag. Equal parts of copal varnish I put; it gives a gloss.

To Red a Yard.—Many persons put red on a yard to cover green bricks. The green may be removed by pouring boiling water, in which any kind of vegetables (not greasy) have been boiled. Persevere in this a few days, and all green will disappear. For red color, make a solution of 1 oz. common glue to 1 gallon water; while hot, put in alum the size of an egg, ¼ pound venetian red, and 1 pound or more Spanish brown. Try a little on a brick, let it dry, and add color, if too light; water, if too dark.

INFANTS' ZEPHYR DRAWERS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Purchase 4 oz. double zephyr; cast on 48 stitches; rib 2 and 2, 10 times; then knit, (quarter stitch) for a few rows; now widen at each end of the needle every 4th rib until there are 60 stitches on the needle; knit on until there are 27 ribs; now run a cotton through these stitches, after pulling out the needles (if you have not 2 pairs of needles,) and cast on the other leg, proceeding as above. When this one is also completed join the two, casting on one stitch in the centre. Now knit all across, till there are 37 ribs; finish by 4 rows knit like heel, and bind off. Take up the loops upon the right side of the front, above where the legs must be joined, and knit rows enough to serve as a hem. In this knit 3 button holes, and cast off. Button-holes are made by casting off 3 at the proper place, then knitting on; when the next row is knit, cast on 3 at the same place. The drawers are now ready to sew up at the legs. Then bind the top and button side of the front, with wide tape.

(These drawers are for the cold weather, to be worn when in the open air.)

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 14, 33, 9, 19, 42, 45, 49, is a river in South America.
My 3, 8, 10, 42, 28, 38, is a lake in Russia.
My 27, 46, 50, 52, 43, is a volcano of Central America.
My 37, 36, 4, 45, 59, 5, 13, is a gulf of British America.
My 41, 46, 31, 6, 27, 40, 4, 38, is a cape of Greenland.
My 7, 26, 39, 46, 33, is one of the Philippine Islands.
My 23, 17, 37, 4, 14, 27, is a sea on the eastern coast of Asia.
My 4, 8, 47, 45, 28, 51, 35, 53, 43, 7, is a sound in North America.
My, 51, 21, 34, 15, 31, 51, is a strait in North America.
My 2, 25, 24, 43, 26, 7, 30, is a mountain of the Himalaya Range.
My 13, 8, 33, 24, 18, 48, is an isthmus of South America.
My 45, 11, 42, 45, 14, is a bay on the western coast of South America.
My 16, 28, 29, 31, is a county in Texas.
My 23, 33, 20, 32, 48, is a river in Kentucky.
My 27, 44, 13, 9, 47, is a town in Russia.

My whole is the dying words of a brave general in the French and Indian War.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, 11, is used for flooring.
My 7, 5, 14, 11, is an animal.
My 4, 5, 1, 7, is used in building.
My 13, 10, 9, 12, 7, 5, is the name of one of the prophets.
My 1, 9, 3, 13, 14, is an animal.
My 12, 5, 4, 6, is a domestic article.
My 6, 5, 2, 10, is the property of a Chinese gentleman.
My 5, 1, is a preposition.
My 8, 13, 5, 14, is a fruit.
My 9, 12, 5, 2, 5, 7, is a prophet.
My 3, 2, 10, 4, 12, is what doctors often give.

My whole is a Scripture name.

J. WILLIS HALL.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From early morn till late at night,
Whate'er you do, whate'er you say,
I've prompted you such things to do—
I'm with you through the livelong day.

And then when you have sought your couch,
And all around's so calm, serene—
Your eyelids close—you gently doze—
Perchance I'm mingling in your dreams.

The offspring of a fertile brain
I quickly come, am soon forgot;
Am sometimes great and sometimes small—
I'm with you now, you know it not.

Tonica, Ill.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A division of North America.
A division of North America.
A division of South America.
A division of North America.
A division of Europe.
A division of North America.
A division of North America.

My whole is one of the grand divisions of the earth.

GAHMEW.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain noble and very straight tree, being 180 feet high, standing just at the foot of a regular rising hill, was struck by a gale of wind, which broke it at some distance from the ground, and, without slipping with its broken ends apart, it lodged with its top 170 feet higher up the hill. I then went up the hill until I was on a level with the broken end, and there I measured over to the top of the straight up standing stump, and found the distance of this level 32 feet 9¼ inches. Can any one tell me at what distance from the ground the tree had broke? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

If the wages of 5 men for 17½ days be $39 18-16, what sum will 15 men earn in 26¼ days at the same rate? R. T. M. K.

Pleasant Dale.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What tree pinches the Jews? Ans.—The Juniper (*Jew-nipper.*)

☞ Why are the rebels like peas in the pod? Ans.—Because they must be *shelled* out before you can take them.

☞ What is the association between a ladder and a father? You get up the one—the other brings you up.

☞ A Difference.—What is the difference between a milk-maid and a swallow? Ans.—One skims the milk and the other the water.

In answer to several inquiries we publish the following:—Ed. Riddler.

Southwark, Dec.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson—As I have not communicated with you for some time, I thought I would write a few words in explanation. I have been away nearly six months, in Col. Baker's California Regiment; and being now on leave of absence (an invalid) I am exceedingly glad to renew my acquaintance with my old friend the Post.

Your most obedient servant,

GAHMEW.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Brevity is a great praise of eloquence. DOUBLE REBUS—H. Peterson, Ed. of Sat. Eve. Post—(Hwangho, Pikestaff, Euphrates, Tampa, Everest, Rome, Saratov, Okeffinokee, Nip, El Dorado, Damascus, Thibet.) RIDDLE—Snow. CHARADE—Husband. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM—160 and 180 yards.

Answer to PROBLEM by O. H. S., published Dec. 7th—15 rods long and 10 rods wide. Charles Cottrell, Newport, R. I. F. A. Slater, Chardon, Ohio, gives as his answer 20 by 25 rods. And answer to the ARITHMETICAL QUESTION same date, 3 acres.

Answer to A. D. Young's PROBLEM Dec. 14th—15. John Andrews, Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pennsylvania.